THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 312 — NUMBER 4051

FEBRUARY 25, 1922

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

UNDERSTANDING FRANCE

In the early January issues of the British weeklies, England's relations with France share with the Irish settlement the attention of contributors and editors. The conservative *Saturday Review* interprets the fundamental aspect of Anglo-French relations as follows: —

The essential difficulty which lies at the root of the present lack of sympathy between England and France is the difference between the two nations in their conception of the meaning and character of the late war. Rightly or wrongly, we regarded the war as different, not merely in degree but in character, from previous European struggles, and we regarded the Peace Treaty as an attempt to express a conception of settlement which would be different in character from the settlements which had followed previous wars. France, on the other hand, regarded the war quite frankly as one of a series with which Europe had become tragically familiar from the Thirty Years' War onward. She is far from regarding the Peace Treaty as establishing a new era, in which national aspirations will be ratified by the creation of new states, and means will be found by the establishment of the Covenant of the League of Nations of accommodating international rivalries without recourse to armies.

The *Spectator* recalls to its readers 'the agony and anxiety and tortures of doubt which Frenchmen endured in 1914,' when Great Britain's decision to enter the war seemed hanging in the balance; and therefore it recommends that the English try the experiment of seeing things from the French point of view: —

She (France) wants not the kind of security which is hers already — the moral certainty that if she were wantonly attacked again by Germany, Britain would instantly run to her support. She wants something more than the moral certainty that if the conditions of the war were repeated, America would also be bound to rally to her side in the interest of all those principles upon which right-thinking Americans desire international relations to be based. France wants, in fact, a very precise promise. She wants everything set forth in writing and in detail — so many men, so many guns, so many ships. She feels that her position is geographically so precarious that nothing short of guaranties in which there can be no loophole of misunderstanding will serve her purpose. That kind of extremely definite guaranty, we are sure, is what she is trying to get from us; and though we could not probably satisfy her in all respects, we could go quite far enough to meet all that is reasonable in her demands.

By the beginning of the year, signs of Briand's approaching retirement were visible on the political horizon. Sisley Huddleston writing to the *New*

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Statesman from Paris on January 3 said: —

It is whispered by everybody who has any contact with French political life that M. Briand has recently expressed his desire to quit office. The difficulties are accumulating in his path. He is becoming disgruntled. Almost week by week there is a fresh interpellation; and although he gets his majorities, there is an obvious hostility that frowns darkly upon him, that is so vigilantly suspicious that hardly a single step can now be taken by the Prime Minister without producing protests. The French Parliamentary system so soon uses up men; already since the Armistice there have been four Premiers.

According to the Paris correspondent of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* Poincaré's success is explained by the fact that 'like Clemenceau, he knows what he wants.' A political opponent said: 'You can't endorse the inflexible policy of that Lorrainer, but you have to admit that he is consistent.' This correspondent observes: 'Critical moments occurred in the history of nations when policies are not determined by cool reason and calm advice, but by the temperament of the person in power.' Poincaré's two previous terms as Premier were not signally successful, yet there is a certain parallel between the conditions which placed him in that office for the first time, just ten years ago, and the situation to-day. At the earlier date, Caillaux was defeated on account of his concessions to Germany in Morocco. Clemenceau's attacks overthrew his ministry. To-day Briand is crowded out also because of concessions to Germany, and Tardieu, Clemenceau's mouthpiece, gave the signal for his overthrow.

The *London Morning Post's* Paris correspondent reports the following gossip concerning a phase of French psychology which contributed to M. Briand's fall. It should be added that M. Poincaré had previously criticized his predecessor for what he called 'diplomacy of the cinema': —

History may confirm that a British Premier's well-meant attempt to teach his French colleague golf, will have as much influence on the destinies of Europe as that fatal monkey's bite had recently on the immediate future of Greece. Let there be no doubt about it; whatever other contributing causes there may have been, M. Briand, in the eyes of all Frenchmen, owes his fall primarily to the irritation caused to them by the sight of their Prime Minister on the golf course at Cannes, with photographers and cinematographers in attendance, and jazz bands ready to continue the performance later. France, of all nations, has an inherent sense of diplomatic tradition. The methods of President Wilson at the time of the Armistice gave a severe shock to this sense. The surprisingly free and easy manner in which, under the influence of Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson, the tremendous problems that came before the Peace Conference were handled by that assembly was a second shock, from which no serious-minded Frenchman has yet recovered.

The Paris correspondent of the *Outlook* thus summarizes the policy for which the new Premier stands: —

It is called the 'Maintenance of Peace.' Peace to the present French Chamber means a French army on the Rhine, a prison house for Germany, starvation for England, and a cemetery for the Russians. The other nations are to furnish a gratuitous assistance in this peace. The Germans, of course, are such rogues that they cannot be left without police. To England, Poland, the Little Entente, and Italy important auxiliary rôles have been assigned. The Americans, on the other hand, are to aid in the routine job, since they are a great and rich country, and also are to have the subsidiary task of seeing that England keeps up her end of supplying France with a little of the 'needful' from time to time.

To quote once more Sisley Huddleston, who discusses French affairs with sympathetic perspicuity, there is a marked 'discrepancy between the unprogressive political mind of France,

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which learns nothing and forgets nothing, and the more adaptable economic mind.' The latter came into its own during the Paris Conference of business men and experts from France, Great Britain, Italy, Belgium, and Japan, during the first week in January, for the purpose of formulating a plan to be submitted to the Supreme Council at the Cannes meeting. The main feature of the recommendation agreed upon was a proposal for establishing an international corporation, or consortium, with a capital of twenty million pounds sterling, subscribed by private industrial groups in each country, to put European business on its feet. This proposal was of British origin. The first task of the projected company would be to put the railways in order. Meanwhile the national labor organizations of Great Britain have issued a manifesto declaring that the three essentials for Europe's business recovery are: suspension and eventual drastic reduction of reparations demands; cancellation of Interallied indebtedness; and lastly, full recognition of Russia. The manifesto points out that it is hopeless to look for any substantial reduction in unemployment until those questions are tackled.

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BRITISH AND JAPANESE DIVIDENDS

DURING 1921, the shipyards of Japan launched forty-four ocean-going vessels with an aggregate burden of 237,000 tons, or little more than one half the quantity launched in 1920. At the same time, there are 358 steamships and sailing vessels with a carrying capacity of 121,000 tons lying idle in different Japanese ports. The Kawasaki dockyards, one of the largest shipbuilding companies in Japan, has just declared a dividend of eighteen per cent. The Tokyo Steel Manufacturing Company has declared a fourteen-per-cent dividend. However, these are moderate earnings compared with those of some of the textile mills. The Kanegofuchi Spinning Company, one of the largest textile combinations in Japan, declared a seventy-per-cent dividend last year, and other companies declared as high as fifty per cent.

The *London Economist's* analysis of the annual reports of three hundred and eleven British companies shows that their earnings were sixteen million pounds sterling less in 1921 than in 1920, or a decline in profits of nearly 53 per cent. The heaviest decrease, of 175 per cent, which naturally means a deficit, was in the earnings of automobile works. The decline in the case of rubber manufactures was 114 per cent. Store profits decreased 78 per cent. Textile companies averaged the highest dividends, 16.7 per cent upon common stock and 5.8 per cent upon preferred stock. Breweries rank next with common and preferred dividends of 10.7 and 5.4 per cent respectively. The lowest dividends were paid by rubber companies — i.e. plantation companies — and by shops and stores. In both groups the average profit on common stock was 1.3 per cent. The earnings of the three hundred and eleven companies, as a group, after deductions for reserve and depreciation, enabled them to pay 7.6 per cent on common stock, 5.1 per cent on preferred stock, and 4.5 per cent on bonds and other similar obligations.

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CONDITIONS IN INDIA

A SURVEY of the scanty and often conflicting dispatches from India, and the speculation upon them which appears in the European and British Press, suggest that the news we are receiving from that country is more reassuring than true conditions warrant. Especially, it would seem, is an attempt

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made to give a bright complexion to the incidents attending the recent visit of the Prince of Wales. On the other hand, it would be quite unwarranted to assume that a few sensational episodes are representative of conditions prevailing throughout a country of several million people, occupying an area approaching that of the United States. A Calcutta letter to *Die Rote Fahne*, the official organ of the Berlin Communists, written by an Indian, may be partisan and exaggerated; but it at least has the merit of stating the situation from a point of view which does not often find expression in Europe and America. This correspondent says: —

Several hundred people have been arrested and thrown into prison. More than eight hundred Sikhs are confined at Lahore on the charge of conspiring and collecting arms and munitions to equip the national army now being organized. Several dozen caliphate propagandists are languishing in prison; more than five hundred have been arrested in Calcutta alone, including several women. Among the latter are the wife and the sister of the President of the National Congress.

The *London Morning Post*, commenting editorially upon the situation in India says: —

We do not know if the British public realize that the Prince of Wales's visit to India has been a failure. . . . They knew already that the Duke of Connaught, when he visited India, had been grossly and repeatedly insulted. . . . The heads of several of the most important provincial Governments in India let Lord Reading know what would happen, and were snubbed for their pains. The Prince went. When His Royal Highness entered Bombay, the main gateway of British India, he found the city at the mercy of a seditious and truculent mob, and an organized terror. His welcome took the shape of bloody riots in which many lives were lost. Up-country the welcome was no better. It is notorious that where he did receive an ovation, the welcome was organized in the teeth of a formidable opposition.

Under the heading, 'A Deep Stain,' Gandhi published a remarkable note upon the disturbances in Bombay, in which he deplored the violence of the mob. Referring to the attacks upon the Parsis, who had joined in welcoming the Prince, he said: —

They had a right to hold their own view, free of molestation. There can be no coercion in Swaraj. The Moplah fanatic who forcibly converts a Hindu believes that he is acquiring religious merit. A non-coöperator or his associate who uses coercion has no apology whatsoever for his criminality.

Gandhi personally appealed to the mobs to cease their violence. Larceny, assaults, and other disorders were spreading rapidly. In his own words: 'I returned sick at heart and in a chastened mood.' He describes the mob as follows: —

The crowd did not consist of hooligans only or boys. It was not an unintelligent crowd. They were not all mill hands. It was essentially a mixed crowd, unprepared and unwilling to listen to anybody. For the moment it had lost its head. And it was not a crowd, but several crowds, numbering in all not less than twenty thousand. It was bent upon mischief and destruction.

Gandhi then proceeds to emphasize the fact that non-coöperators cannot escape liability for these incidents.

We claim to have established a peaceful atmosphere, to have attained by our non-violence sufficient control over the people to keep their violence under check. We have failed when we ought to have succeeded. . . . Nor can I shirk my personal responsibility. I am more instrumental than any other in bringing into being the spirit of revolt. I find myself not fully capable of controlling and disciplining that spirit. I must do penance for it. For me the struggle is essentially religious. . . . If I can have nothing to do with the organized violence of the government, I can have less

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to do with the unorganized violence of the people.

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PREPARING FOR RUSSIAN TRADE

A CONSORTIUM has been organized in Germany with the object of trading with Russia, and establishing industrial enterprises in that country. It is known as *Wirtschaftsstelle für Verkehr, Handel und Industrie mit dem Osten*, and has for its nominal aim the 'economic reconstruction of Russia.' According to an interview given to the German Press by one of the promoters, who is also chief engineer of the German railways, the organization embraces bankers, manufacturers, groups of scientific men, and engineers, and has the support of the leading trades-unions. The consortium proposes to send technical experts to every part of Russia, to establish German Chambers of Commerce at all commercial centres. The consortium, or trust, is a comprehensive organization divided into three sections: (1) a group for intellectual and cultural relations headed by Professor Otto Blüm; (2) a labor group, embracing representatives of the principal German trades-unions; (3) a banking, industrial, and trade group, which has subsections, handling chemical products, cement, railway materials, agricultural implements, general machinery, and the like. The consortium is said to be negotiating with American financiers, who will participate in its operations as investors.

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'A NEUTRAL WAR-GUILT COMMISSION'

UNDER this title an organization has recently been formed at Christiania to inquire into the responsibility for the war, and the manner in which it was conducted. The Commission will consist of two scholars from each of the leading neutral countries. It is to occupy a room in the Nobel Institute. While the British *Nation* considers the move a good one, the radical *Dagbladet* of Christiania says: 'This undertaking ought at once to be unmasked as an obvious piece of German camouflage.' The membership of the Commission so far announced is as follows: —

Norway: A. C. Drolsum, chief librarian of the University of Christiania; Dr. Hjalmar Christensen (author).

Sweden: Dr. A. C. Reutersköld, Professor of International Law, University of Upsala; Dr. Helge Almquist, Professor of History, of Gothenburg.

Holland: Dr. Japikse, Director of the Board of Historical Publications of the Kingdom; Dr. Steinmetz, Professor of Ethnology, University of Amsterdam.

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MINOR NOTES

DISCUSSING the question of German disarmament, a contributor to the *London Outlook* describes the change of sentiment in that country since the war as follows: —

There is, indeed, only one disarmament of any value — moral disarmament. Is the process of moral disarmament progressing in Germany? This is a question infinitely more important than its complementary question: Is Germany disarming? Now, no man who moves among the German people, who listens attentively in trains and tramcars to the conversations of Germans, who talks with the German workers, and particularly with those who served in the war, can arrive at any other conclusion than that moral disarmament has made great progress in Germany and, perhaps, even greater progress than in the Entente countries, so proud of their pacific inclinations. The failure of the German General Staff after its repeated promises of victory was certain to cripple German militarism, for the German has little respect for the man who fails. His gods are successful gods. No German officer dare strut and swagger in the streets and restaurants of the cities of Germany now, as he was accustomed to do before the war.

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APROPOS of the sudden shifting of political scenery in Europe — the substitution of Poincaré for Briand and the shakiness of the cabinets at Rome and Berlin — and the consequent difficulty of forecasting events, even a short period in advance, the editor of the *London Outlook* says: —

I hope (and believe) that nobody buys the *Outlook* to read my comments on home politics. A commentator for a weekly review cannot but feel exasperated when he is compelled to write, on Thursday night, paragraphs that raise superior smiles on the faces of his readers, who by the time his notes reach them have digested their morning newspapers of Friday and perhaps Saturday as well.

THE *London Spectator* seems to enjoy a divided reputation in the United States. It devotes a leading article in the issue of January 14, to quoting and commenting upon letters from Elihu Root, Colonel House, Nicholas Murray Butler, F. N. Doubleday, Ellery Sedgwick, E. Price Bell, Frederick Roy Martin of the Associated Press, and other Americans familiar with public affairs and the periodical world, testifying to its 'kindly leaning' toward the United States. This defense of its attitude toward America — which was quite unnecessary to any reader familiar with the editorials of that publication for the past few years — is apropos of a protest made to the *Baltimore Sun* that it is 'bitterly hostile' to this country. One such protest has reached the office of the *Living Age*. A perusal of the *Spectator's* columns for the past two years has failed to reveal a single instance indicating anti-American feeling, either covert or expressed, while the *Spectator's* columns have abounded in articles and references, friendly and complimentary to this country.

NEW ZEALAND is discussing a proposal recently presented by the ministry, that public-school teachers be submitted to a loyalty test. Opponents of the proposal contend that the authorities should take for granted the loyalty of the teachers as a body, and deal only with actual offenders. Although New Zealand has a world-wide reputation as a working man's paradise and a laboratory of advanced legislation, two seventy-year-old pamphlets of Marx and Engels, *Wage Labor and Capital* and *Socialism, Utopian and Scientific*, as well as the work of the Irish agitator, James Connolly, *Socialism Made Easy*, are forbidden entrance to the Dominion.

M. CLEMENCEAU'S new Paris newspaper, *L'Écho National*, made its appearance on January 10. The war Premier did not contribute to the first number, and the active management appears to be in the hands of André Tardieu. The paper is strongly chauvinist and accused the Briand government of 'abdication,' because it has consented to lessening the rights and advantages which France secured through her victory.

IN 1920, according to *Le Droit d'Auteur*, the number of new books printed in the principal countries of the world was as follows: Germany, 32,345; Great Britain, 11,004; United States, 8594; France, 6315; Italy 6230. Germany, where the increase is the largest, has recovered its normal pre-war production, as has also Great Britain. Germany reprints relatively more books than other countries. Only 19,078 of the books coming from its press last year were new, as compared with 7336 of the much smaller number issued in the United States.

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A TOUR OF GERMANY'S ARSENALS

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

From the *Daily Telegraph, December* 28, 30, *January* 4
(London Independent Conservative)

Erfurt was formerly the chief centre in Germany for the manufacture of military small arms, that is, rifles, automatic pistols, revolvers, machine guns, bayonets, and swords. From here poured out the vast mass of machine guns which formed so deadly a defense against the attacks of our soldiers on the Western front. Erfurt still makes firearms. It is true the types turned out are shotguns, small rook rifles, air guns, and a special kind of small automatic pistol. No arms fit for military purposes are made. But the important fact remains that a large number of workmen are retained at their old occupation of making arms, and are kept in training in a highly skilled technical handicraft. This aspect of the matter seems to have impressed itself upon the Allied Control Commission, for General Nollet has recently issued orders that all manufacture of arms shall cease at Erfurt from March 31 next.

Herr Kuthmann, chairman of the Workers Council at Erfurt, told me that early in 1919, and before the Allied Control Commission was set up in Germany, the workmen in the factory held a meeting and decided that, as the rifles then made could be used for military purposes, they would make no more of them, and the manufacture ceased forthwith. Herr Kuthmann's explanation of the action of the workmen was that they feared if this type of rifle continued to be made, the Control Commission might order the factory to close down altogether, and the employees would be thrown out of work. As there are still some 3000 men employed in the Erfurt factories, Herr Kuthmann estimates that, counting these and their families, at least 15,000 persons are dependent on the continuance of the works for a livelihood, and, as he said, 'the risk was too great.'

He protested very strongly against the manufacture of sporting guns and small rifles being stopped. The whole of these, he assured me, were exported to South America and South Africa. They were worked up from old war material that could not be used for anything else, and, as Herr Kuthmann plaintively pointed out, 'they help to pay for the food and raw materials that we must buy abroad.' He was especially anxious to emphasize the point that the Erfurt workmen themselves would prevent the making of any military arms. 'They have,' he said, 'definitely refused to make any war material, and have determined never to have anything more to do with it.' Herr Kuthmann's position, as chairman of the Workers Council, and his political views as an Independent Socialist, entitle his statements to credence, but there is another side to the question, and that is the keeping in training of a large number of men skilled in the making of arms. If the present German Government were overthrown and replaced by one of Royalist tendencies, as may well happen, Erfurt would be ready to resume again the manufacture of military weapons.

The manufactures now carried on in the Erfurt factory include high-class

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furniture, made from the stores of walnut wood collected for rifle stocks, locomotive and wagon repairs, motor-car frames, safety locks, and articles of that description.

While at Erfurt I was told that the directors of the small-arms factory desired to begin the manufacture of typewriters, but that General Nollet and the Allied Control Commission had refused permission. This was a definite statement which could be verified, and a few days later, when in Berlin, I went to the headquarters of the Commission and asked whether the information given me was correct. General Nollet was absent in Paris, but I saw General Sir F. R. Bingham, who assured me that so far from General Nollet's having refused to allow the Erfurt small-arms factory to make typewriters, he urged that the work should be undertaken at once, and pointed out that it would afford employment for the thousand or so men who must cease making shot-guns and miniature rifles at the end of March. This, however, was not what the directors of the Deutsche Werke wanted. Their plan was to continue making firearms and engage 1200 new hands to begin the manufacture of typewriters. In the present state of the labor market in Germany, when practically every man is employed, it would have been no easy thing to find this number of skilled workmen, so General Nollet put his foot down and informed the directors if they wished to make typewriters they must transfer the men employed in making firearms, whose work would cease in March in any event. The directors of the Deutsche Werke refused this alternative, and are making a grievance out of their own obstinacy.

What now goes by the name of the Spandau Works of the Deutsche Werke Aktiengesellschaft was formerly the most important arsenal in Germany, where guns, shells, powder, fuses, machine guns, rifles, and ammunition of all kinds were produced in almost incalculable quantity. With the adjoining works at Haselhorst, it was the greatest centre of the manufacture of war material in the world. At the acme of its activity during the war about 100,000 people were employed in its workshops, foundries, and laboratories. All approaches to it were guarded with the closest watchfulness, and the entry of an unauthorized person within its gates was more difficult than for a non-Moslem to gain admittance to the Kaba at Mecca. Its guards had under their protection not only the safety and secrets of Germany's chief arsenal, but within its walls stood the *Julius Turm*, the famous tower where lay the £200,000,000 sterling in gold extorted from France by the Treaty of Frankfort in 1871. This treasure remained intact until the necessities of the Great War swept it out along with the flood of guns and shells that poured forth to sustain German power.

Even yet admission is by no means easy; but a few days before this article was written its gates opened to admit the deputation from the International Labor Conference, amongst whom were representatives of Germany's chief opponents in the war, England, France, Italy, and Japan. Spandau was formerly a purely military organization. It was directed and controlled entirely by military officers, and had a considerable garrison of picked soldiers for its protection. To-day not a uniform is to be seen either in or about it, and spectacled civilians supervise vast departments which were formerly ruled with a rod of iron by arrogant Prussian officers. The elderly foreman who conducted me over the works recalled this in an amusing manner. He was narrating the former methods of administra-

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tion, and, suiting his actions to his words, he said, 'It used to be all like this,' and he bristled up his scanty moustaches, puffed out his chest, and strutted like a pugnacious turkey cock through a group of workmen, thrusting them aside out of his path with scant ceremony. For a moment the men gazed at him as if he had suddenly become insane. Then there was a burst of laughter as the foreman resumed his peaceful demeanor, and the men saw he had been only demonstrating for my enlightenment.

When a military arsenal, Spandau and Haselhorst were divided into eight departments. These included two gun foundries, where artillery weapons up to 9-in. calibre were cast, two artillery workshops for the manufacture of gun carriages, a projectile factory, a machine-gun and rifle factory, an ammunition factory, a powder factory, and a laboratory for the manufacture of fulminate of mercury and the filling of artillery fuses. War and the preparation for war was the only industry with which Spandau was concerned. The whole of its machinery was designed for this purpose, and its personnel was trained solely in the making of arms and ammunition.

A change, which to most Germans must be very galling, has come over the scene. Officers from the Allied armies come and go as they please in Spandau and Haselhorst, and at the will of the Allied Control Commission decide what may or may not be made in the factories. Where guns were once made for the Kaiser's armies, crank shafts for steamships, connecting rods for locomotives, and other peaceful machinery are produced. Instead of the finest crucible steel for gun ingots, only common cast-iron is formed in the moulding sheds. The vast north sheds, where thousands of workmen fabricate gun carriages by the hundred, are now devoted to the manufacture of agricultural machinery, furniture, iron bedsteads, radiators, and parts of motor cars, while the south artillery workshops repair locomotives and railway wagons, mostly for the French and Belgian railways. These shops are extensive enough to repair on an average thirty-five railway vehicles every day, while from ten to fifteen locomotives per month are passed through the sheds. In the former ammunition factory broken-up war material of all kinds, from guns and shells to the machinery by which these were made, is melted down and cast into ingots, to be made into goods suitable for the arts of peace. Surely never in the world was there such a beating of swords into ploughshares as now goes on at Spandau!

In one part of the former machine-gun factory shotguns are still being made, but this manufacture at Spandau, as at Erfurt, must cease at the end of next March. A considerable space is devoted to the making of buffers and other railway ironwork. Indeed, at all the former munition factories visited railway material of all kinds was being produced in large quantities. I was unable to ascertain whether this was all being done in execution of orders, or whether stocks were being accumulated in view of the great demands for such material which must presently come from Russia. One thing is certain — Germany means to capture this trade when the demand comes, to the exclusion of all other countries. German manufacturers are already building and repairing locomotives for Russia, and when commerce again revives with that country she will stand in a very advantageous position.

Among the other articles now being produced at Spandau are motor cycles and cycle parts, tire valves and fittings, brass work of various kinds, nuts, bolts, and screws, and artificial

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limbs for war invalids and disabled men. There has, needless to say, been an enormous amount of machinery destroyed. Spandau as a factory of war material was equipped with special appliances and tools which were only suitable for the particular manufacture carried on there. At Haselhorst, for instance, out of 14,500 machines, less than 4000 were permitted to be retained, and in Spandau itself the proportion condemned to destruction was even greater. There are, however, still 10,000 hands employed. It is quite true to say that no war material is now being produced at Spandau and Haselhorst, and that the equipment and appliances installed, or allowed by the Allied Control Commission to remain in position, would be of comparatively little use for that purpose. But as every engineer knows, it is not very difficult to adapt tools to other uses than that for which they were designed. Several incidents have occurred which show quite clearly that the constant and vigilant supervision of the Control Commission is necessary, even with the good will of the German trades-unionists, to prevent things being done which are, to say the least, suspicious. In one factory, machinery was installed without permission from the Commission. This was discovered by an Allied officer, and as a punishment 120 machines were forfeited. Near Dresden, nearly 400 howitzer tubes were found hidden in the built-up end of a factory. When they were discovered it was pleaded that they were made before the Armistice, and that the owner of the factory had concealed them with the intention of using the steel for other work, personal profit and not patriotism being alleged to be his motive. It has since been ascertained that the howitzer tubes were made, not before the Armistice, but in 1919. Though the German trades-unionists belonging to Herr Wissell's great federation profess a horror of making or handling war material in any shape or form, no one of the hundreds employed in the Dresden factory gave the slightest hint of the existence of the store of guns — which must have been known to many of them — in the bricked-up end of the factory.

Long before the outbreak of the Great War the name of Krupp was synonymous with the production of war material, and Alfred Krupp, who died in 1887, the real founder of the gigantic enterprise which made Essen, was known as the 'Cannon King.' What Essen contributed to the German effort between 1914 and 1918 will probably never be accurately known, but it is safe to assume that its whole energies during those fateful years were directed to the output of war material. Yet Krupp's in pre-war days, despite its reputation for the manufacture of guns and armor plate of the highest excellence, was mainly devoted to peaceful production. Only 28 per cent of the floor space in its vast factories was employed for war purposes.

The Essen works were originally founded by Friedrich Krupp, who, about 1810, bought a small forge in the village and began the manufacture of of cast steel with a staff of only five workmen. The adventure was not a great success, and when he died, in 1826, the employees numbered only about a score. His widow carried on the work with the assistance of her son, Alfred Krupp, but twenty years later, only 122 workmen were employed, and the business barely paid its way. The beginnings of the future great development were, however, at hand. The great era of railway construction had begun, and Krupp's was in a position to take advantage of it. In 1847 Alfred

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Krupp made a three-pounder muzzle-loading gun of cast steel — the first of countless others — and at the Great Exhibition of London in 1851 he exhibited a flawless two-ton ingot of cast steel. Nothing like it had ever before been produced, and the ingot caused a great sensation in the industrial world. Krupp's foundry leaped at once into fame.

Even more important was the Krupp invention of weldless steel tires for railway wheels, and Krupp tires became indispensable for railway work. This invention really made Essen. So highly did Alfred Krupp esteem its importance that three interlaced weldless steel tires were adopted as, and still remain, the trade-mark of the Essen works. Railway material and all kinds of iron and steel work, and the making of guns and armor — when the American Civil War demonstrated the value of armored ships — became the chief output of the Krupp works. At Alfred Krupp's death Essen, with the mines and associated works belonging to the firm, had 40,000 men on the pay roll. Friedrich Alfred Krupp, his only son, continued the expansion, and added shipbuilding (the famous Germania shipyard at Kiel) to the firm's activities, and at his death in 1902, Krupp's employed no fewer than 80,000 men.

Essen was particularly favorably placed for the development of the iron and steel industry. Underneath it lay an almost inexhaustible supply of coal, and iron ore in vast quantity was easily procurable. Actually within the Krupp works there are four coal pits in full work, and the output of the collieries owned by the company reaches 6,500,000 tons per annum. Essen itself may be described as a high-grade steel works. Before the war the output was 90 per cent ordinary industrial manufacture and 10 per cent war material. The present steel output is only 65 per cent of what it was in pre-war times. This is chiefly due to the fact that under the reparations plans of the Allies, Krupp's is only allotted 2,000,000 tons of coal annually instead of the 4,300,000 necessary for full output capacity. A vast building, containing thirteen enormous steel furnaces, erected during the war, is now unused. The Krupp works only receive 30 per cent of the output of their own collieries, which is equivalent to 46.5 per cent of the quantity of coal required to maintain the factories at their full productive capacity. The deficiency is partly made up by the use of brown coal (lignite), of which 1400 tons are burned daily, requiring a service of 140 cars.

Under the conditions of the Peace Treaty the manufacture of war material is practically prohibited at Essen. The only exception is that, as Krupp's made the whole of the ordnance and armor-plate for the German navy, they are still allowed to provide the small amount required for the upkeep of the few warships left to Germany. When war broke out, Krupp's were making three casemated howitzers of a special type for the Brazilian navy. Work on these was suspended on the outbreak of hostilities, and the weapons remained unfinished. Last year the Brazilian Government demanded the return of the money paid for these weapons. Owing to the depreciation in the value of German currency, this refund would have meant considerable financial loss, and Krupp's asked permission from the Allied Control Commission to complete and deliver the howitzers. The matter was referred to the Supreme Council, and the necessary permission was given to complete the contract. A new difficulty, however, arose. The Workers Council at Essen, which, like similar organizations in other works in Germany, practically controls output, refused to allow the workmen to be

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employed on war material. The chairman of the council informed me that it was only when the written permission of the Allied Control Commission was produced that the workmen took the contract in hand. When I was in Essen, the howitzers were practically ready for delivery to Brazil. When this has been done the production of war material by Krupp's practically comes to an end.

One of the directors of the works, with whom I discussed this matter, said the cessation of this branch of the firm's activities would make little change. 'Normally,' he said, 'war material only represented 10 per cent of our total output, and we shall find sufficient other work to make up for it.' Although there has not been the same amount of destruction of machinery at Krupp's that was noticeable at the Government war factories visited by the Labor delegation, a considerable quantity of special appliances suitable only for the production of war material has gone to the scrap heap. Ten thousand machines and tools of various kinds, representing 27,000 tons weight of metal, and about 1,000,000 marks (normal) in value (800,000,000 marks at present rate of exchange), have been destroyed. A very important part of the destruction carried out by order of the Allied Control Commission was the magnificent installation of annealing furnaces used for tempering guns. These have wholly disappeared, and without them it is impossible to make guns capable of withstanding the high pressure developed in the chambers of modern ordnance. The proof butts where guns were tested and sights fitted have also been destroyed, so that Krupp's is pretty thoroughly crippled so far as making guns is concerned. The gigantic lathes, some of them the largest in the world, where 'Big Bertha,' used in the bombardment of Paris, and all the heavy guns for the German navy were turned and rifled, still remain. These are now being used for heavy steel work of various kinds, such as crank shafts for steamships, and the making of enormous steel cylinders used in the manufacture of ammonia and artificial chemical fertilizers for agriculture.

At present the principal output of the Essen works is locomotives, weldless steel tires, and general railway steel and ironwork. Hundreds of locomotives are in course of construction, and a complete locomotive leaves the works every day in the year. The actual output is about 400 a year, and when the supply of coal is more plentiful this will be increased. Where all these locomotives go was not disclosed, but it was said that many were being built for Russia. Extensive repairs, both to locomotives and rolling-stock, were going on, and the whole of the vast workshops, which occupy an area four and a half miles long by one and one eighth miles wide, or about 3000 acres, were humming with activity. In the tire shops steel tires were being produced in quantity that seemed sufficient for half the railways of Europe. The saving of time, labor, and coal in this branch of the Essen works has been brought to the highest pitch of perfection. The raw steel for the tires comes in huge ingots, about ten feet long and fourteen inches in diameter. These masses of steel are cut into slices, each slice containing the exact amount of steel necessary to make a tire of the type required. As they leave the cutting machine each disk is weighed to make sure that it contains the correct weight of metal. A huge electromagnet drops on the heap of disks and picks up eight or ten of them and carries them to the furnace, where they are heated. When white-hot they are placed under a hydraulic press, which at one operation squeezes them out flat and punches a

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hole in the centre. The disks then go on to a boss with a roller above it, which rolls them into a ring and shapes the flange as easily as a baker rolls a piece of dough under his fingers, and in far less time. The rings, as the disks have now become, are again heated, and pass over other rollers, which complete the process and leave the tires guaranteed perfectly circular in form, and with less than two millimetres of error from the required diameter. As a matter of fact the error in diameter is usually not measurable, but it cannot exceed the amount stated. The great merit claimed for the Krupp system is that it leaves the 'rolling skin,' as steel makers term it, of the 'tread' of the tire absolutely untouched, a factor which adds greatly to the toughness, strength, and durability of the tire. Watching the process, and noting that only two heatings are required from the raw ingot to the finished tire, one can appreciate what tire-making has done for Krupp's, and why three interlinked tires should have been adopted as the trade-mark of the firm.

To give a list of the present peace output of Krupp's would be to enumerate practically every article into the manufacture of which iron or steel in all their varieties enter, from a steamer's crank shaft to a pen nib. High-speed machine tools are an important item of manufacture, so are dynamos and electrical appliances, steam engines and boilers, motor engines, construction steel (buildings), screw propellers, and bosses, motors, turbines, hydraulic presses, steam hammers, tubes, retorts, rails, paper-making machinery, textile machinery, agricultural machinery, cutlery, and tools of all kinds, surgical instruments — in a word, everything that can be made from iron and steel, from a pen nib weighing a few grains up to steel castings of over 100 tons, is produced by Krupp's either at Essen or at one of their other works scattered throughout Germany from Kiel to Cologne. They will build a ship or a motor with equal readiness, and make a needle, or an anchor to hold the Olympic.

Little wonder that one of the directors said to me they did not much mind whether they never made another gun or rolled another armor plate; Krupp's could always find work enough for their 80,000 employees, and were just as ready to supply the requirements of peace as those of war. As one went through mile after mile of factories filled with the most perfect machinery that human skill can devise, and saw innumerable highly trained workmen busy at their various and varied tasks, the thought came that if ever Germany were left unfettered to pursue her own course, here in Essen and in a hundred other similar works were the means and the training again to fabricate war material without limit. Allied control can prohibit it for a time, but Germany cannot be held in leading strings in perpetuity.

The only hope for permanent peace lies not in the temporary prohibition of the manufacture of war material, but in a change in the mentality of the German people, and their realization that the arts of peace and not the art of war pay best in the end.

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PLANTING THE BOLSHEVIST BACILLUS IN RUSSIA

BY KARL RADEK

From *Die Rote Fahne, January* 3–4
(Berlin Official Communist Daily)

The world is familiar with the Revolution which occurred in Petrograd in March 1917. A perusal of the Paris *Temps* or the London *Times* of that month will make clear that this Revolution was not regarded at the time as anything very terrible. Quite the reverse. It was a perfectly respectable Revolution in the interest of the Entente. Possibly the facts were not quite as represented, but this is the way they appeared in the newspapers which we Bolsheviki read in Switzerland. Evil men that we were and are, we protested that Russian workingmen could give their blood for more worthy objects than the interests of world capital and the Entente. So we Russian Bolsheviki endeavored at any cost to reach Russia and have a share in the Revolution.

We knew quite well that, in spite of the hypocritical joy of the Entente Press, the real attitude of the London and the Paris Governments toward a successful Russian Revolution was very different from our own. For that reason it was Utopian to hope for permission to pass through England and France. The veteran revolutionist, Martov, was of the same opinion, but he proposed that the Petrograd Soviet of Worker and Peasant Deputies request England and France to issue us a transit permit, and if this was not granted, that we next apply to Germany. Lenin, who was the most skeptical of us all, had no hope that we could secure this coveted permission from either the Entente or Germany. He was for passing through Germany in disguise; and tried to obtain forged Swedish passports for himself and Zinoviev. We explained to him that neither he nor Zinoviev could speak Swedish. In his desperation, he begged us to get passports for two dumb Swedes. Since it seemed doubtful to us whether we could find two dumb Swedes in the ranks of our party, who resembled Lenin and Zinoviev physically, we thought it wisest to try Martov's suggestion first.

Martov telegraphed Cheidse, the Chairman of the Petrograd Soviet of Worker and Peasant Delegates. I had an interview with Dr. Deingart, at that time correspondent for the *Frankfurter Zeitung* in Switzerland — if my memory does not fail me — in the presence of Paul Levi, to see if he would inquire through the German Ambassador, Rombert, whether the German Government would consider passing Russian political emigrants through its territories.

When Dr. Deingart brought us word that Ambassador Rombert would take up the matter, we turned further negotiations over to Robert Grimm, giving him written instructions as to what we wished. In them we requested permission for all Russian emigrants to proceed through Germany to Russia, without the exclusion of any of our number by the German Government. We asked that authority to determine the members of the party should be placed entirely in the hands of a committee elected by ourselves, and that during our passage through Germany, the

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German Government should make no effort to have communication with us. We promised that if this were granted, we would do all in our power to alleviate the situation of the German war prisoners in Russia, and to hasten and facilitate the return to their homes of those who were sick and wounded.

Robert Grimm had an interview with Ambassador Rombert, and informed us that this gentleman was hugely surprised by the terms of our petition, but said he would telegraph them to Berlin. Since we distrusted Grimm a little, we decided to substitute Fritz Platten as our emissary in future interviews. Grimm protested against this, insisting that he would be able to accomplish much in the coming negotiations with Rombert. He said that Platten might be a good revolutionist, but he was a bad diplomat. That remark caused us to dispense entirely with Grimm's services. We intrusted the rest of the business completely to Platten, in the conviction that this rough-and-ready, but honest comrade would not play any diplomatic tricks on us.

Very soon afterward, Rombert informed us in the name of his Government that our request had been granted. Of course we knew perfectly well that the German authorities had their own designs in granting this permission; that they believed we would prove valuable peace propagandists in Russia. At the same time they fancied they could stamp out pacifist tendencies in their own country. We did not pay much attention to all this, for we knew that if a true proletarian Revolution developed in Russia, its influence would spread far beyond our borders.

So we prepared for our trip. Martov's clique objected on principle to our plan. They waited for a reply from Cheidse, in order to protect themselves from future criticism. Martov never tried to start a revolution without first getting a formal certificate, sworn before a notary, that it was imperative to do so.

So, as I said, we made ready. We knew that our passing through Germany would be used as a weapon against the Bolsheviki. Lenin thought it possible that we might have to answer for it before the new Russian Government, and all the members of the party were required to sign a statement to the effect that they had taken this possibility into consideration; that they had no other choice; that they were convinced that neither England nor France would pass us through their territories. These assumptions were later confirmed. All Cheidse's efforts to procure a transit-license were fruitless, and Martov's party passed through Germany, just as we did, two weeks behind us. We collected all the documents relating to the trip and left copies of them in Switzerland. Loriot from France, Levi from Germany, Bronsky from Poland, and Platten from Switzerland, affixed their signatures to the protocol containing the conditions under which we undertook the journey. When we had finished our arrangements in Bern, we went to Zurich, where we received the last greetings of our friends and the last curses of our enemies, and left for Germany.

Night was falling when our train arrived at the border station. Our party consisted of forty adults, with children and luggage. A German frontier guard met us and guided us to the customs house. Our agreement provided that neither our luggage nor our documents should be inspected. All that was necessary, therefore, was to count us. For this purpose, the men and the women were grouped in different corners of the room. A few minutes later, we boarded our cars, and in that act gave the first demonstration of our organizing ability. The train pulled

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out of the station. We had been assigned two cars. One compartment was occupied by the German officers detailed to accompany us. Fritz Platten, as the first diplomatic representative of future Soviet Russia, maintained our liaison with them.

Early the next morning, Platten brought us news that Jansen was on the train; and since this was German territory, he wished to salute us in the name of the Central Executive Committee of the German trades-unions. We saw at once that this was merely a subterfuge of that sly fox, Legien, to tamper with us, and that Parvus, the Pan-German Socialist editor of *Die Glocke*, had his finger in the pie. For Jansen was not only Legien's diplomatic middleman, but also a trusted intriguer for Parvus. So we refused to talk with him. Platten got some newspapers for us from Jansen and took him to the officers' compartment where he likewise was riding.

At Frankfort some German soldiers learned that Russian revolutionists were on the train. They got through the cordon of secret-service men and invaded our cars, each bringing two big glasses of beer. The beer was mighty poor. We could see by this that Germany was in a bad way. The soldiers were honest men of the working class and had only one question to ask: When shall we have peace? Our conversation with them disclosed that most belonged to Scheidemann's party. At Berlin our cars were closely guarded by secret-service men during the whole time we were halted at the station.

At last we found ourselves aboard a vessel. It was a glorious day. A fresh wind blew in from the sea. Lenin stalked about the deck asking people if his nose was blue. The seamen have a fancy that this indicates a coming storm. But everything went off finely. We received a radiogram informing us that Ganyetzkii and the secretary of the Swedish party, Comrade Storm, were waiting for us at our landing-port in Sweden. We found them there. But that was not the only pleasant incident. Our Swedish comrades had provided a hearty supper for us, which was consumed by the forty Bolshevist bacilli in our party with incredible speed. The employees of the restaurants stared at us as if we were a band of barbarians. Then we hurried to the train, and the next morning were in Stockholm.

We spent almost an entire day at the Hotel Regina in that city. A public meeting was held, where we informed our Swedish comrades of the terms of the agreement with the German Government under which we had made our trip, and that after our arrival in Stockholm we had received information to the effect that Parvus demanded to negotiate with us officially in the name of the leaders of the German Social Democratic Party. We refused to consider the latter overture.

Among the important events of the day, it should be recorded that, after a violent controversy, we persuaded Lenin to buy some shoes and trousers. Late in November 1917, after we Bolsheviki had secured control of the Russian Government, I found Lenin on my arrival in Petrograd, wearing those Stockholm trousers, by this time sadly ragged and frayed.

When we arrived at Stockholm, we found Vorovski, the present Soviet emissary at Rome, and Ganyetzkii, our Ambassador at Riga, living in the city. Since I was an Austrian subject, I could not enter Russia at that time, and so I was left behind with these gentlemen, as our foreign representative. Here we received three hundred Swedish crowns. This money apparently is the enormous sum which the Entente subsequently discovered had been paid us by Germany for disorganizing Russia. During

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the seven months which we three gentlemen spent in Stockholm, all the time engaged in international propaganda, we did not receive a single kopeck from Petrograd nor did we send as much as that sum thither.

On the evening of the day when we arrived, Lenin and the other members of the party left for Russia. Some Swedish comrades accompanied them. As the train moved out of the station, a Russian patriot was delivering an oratorical speech to him, begging him not to harm the country. But the train drew away before Lenin could hear the whole speech, and so he organized the October Revolution.

History not infrequently magnifies trivial incidents into mighty events. It is thus that the real account of the journey which we Bolsheviki made through Germany has become the epic of the so-called 'sealed train' — although the train was never sealed or locked at all. If I were to be summoned before the Entente tribunal, which is still waiting to try William II, I could not say more than this.

ITALIAN LETTERS

BY ERNST HAECKEL

[The following letters, which Professor Haeckel, the distinguished biologist and early exponent of the Darwinian theory, wrote to his bride during his first visit to Italy, are selected from a volume of his correspondence which has just been printed in Leipzig.]

From *Die Grenzboten, January* 7
(Berlin Conservative Political and Literary Weekly)

Rome, *February* 28, 1859.

I have already been in Rome a week without reaching a point where I could describe to you, my dearest love, my first impressions of the Eternal City. I am only now gradually reaching a condition where I can do so, or rather, where I can begin to arrange and comprehend and assimilate the manifold, mighty, and marvelous pictures which here meet my gaze.

My first impression was not what I anticipated. I had imagined Rome as more like an ancient city, as possessing more external beauty, and in many respects as a larger town than it proves to be. But with every day that passes, I appreciate better how truly great and lofty this ancient seat of former empire still remains, in spite of all its modern deformations and mutilations. What an inexhaustible treasure of the noblest artistic pleasures of every kind is here concealed! During my first days in the city, I saw how much is here that is new and grand and remarkable in every department of the fine arts. I encountered so many historical reminders of every age, that I felt fairly crushed by them, and only little by little began to make them my own, and to judge them independently. There are so many fine and beautiful things to describe, that I must renounce for the moment all idea of giving you even a summary account of them in detail; perhaps I can do that at

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some later time. Just now I can only write you my general impressions, and let you know how I have spent my days.

What has delighted me most of all is the remains of classic antiquity, which are more magnificent and complete here than anywhere else. Particularly do the Greeks, whom I love, reveal their genius in countless wonderful masterpieces of art. For even the beautiful things which the Romans made were really imitations of the Greek. That nation rises here to its full stature, beauty, and truth to nature; and, if that were possible, its artists have endeared their creations more than ever to me. The glorious marble statues — literally, a forest — which surround one here, have put me in a state of rapture. The only thing lacking to make me perfectly happy is that you, my best beloved, are not here to enjoy them with me. The remnants of the colossal Roman structures in the Forum — temples, palaces, triumphal arches, pillars, and the like — are magnificent, and real marvels of impressive power. Naturally, the countless interesting historical reminiscences and legends associated with them add to their effect and charm.

While this antique aspect of Rome — her Greco-Roman antiquity — has delighted me beyond measure, and has stimulated and overpowered me in a way I never thought possible, there is another equally rich phase of Roman history — the Middle Ages, with their wealth of artistic creations, of paintings and sculpture — which interests and occupies most visitors more than the remnants of the ancient world. But this has left me relatively unimpressed. The vast galleries of pictures portraying Christian mythology; the ten thousand Madonnas, and the hundred thousand saints with their legends of miracles and martyrdom, interested me but little. I do not know why this is so — I have yet to discover the reason — but the truth is, that sculpture gains my interest incomparably more than painting. I began to notice that at Florence. It may be due partly to my leaning toward natural science, and partly to the aversion which every upright and normal man — at least every honest scientist — must experience against what so many people call Christianity.

ROME, *March* 15, 1859.

This evening we were invited by Meyer, the painter, to a very delightful artists' supper. Returning home about eleven o'clock, in the dim moonlight, I was in a very happy mood, and conceived a wish again to see this wonderful city of Rome by moonlight. I persuaded the ladies of our party, with some difficulty, to accompany me. Afterward they could not thank me enough. In truth, the most entrancing moonlit picture conceivable lay before us: gigantic ruins in the pale uncertain illumination; long, clean-cut shadows; the powerful, round, arched windows of the Colosseum outlined sharply against the dusky night-sky; the view from the Capitol over the domes of the City of Churches; the mysterious, deathly stillness of the mighty city, broken only by the whisper-like splashing of countless fountains and the uncanny cries of owls and night birds that dwell in the ruins. This fascinated us, so that we did not return home until one A.M. I should have been in an ecstasy of unalloyed rapture and poetical exaltation, if I had not lacked the company of the sweetest person in the world, to whom I sent love messages *via* the dear moon. . . .

NAPLES, *May* 10, 1859.

This morning I witnessed a magnificent spectacle from Santa Lucia. Coming back from an early morning bath I noticed six mighty vessels close to each other on the horizon. They

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rapidly drew nearer and entered the harbor about nine o'clock. They were six English warships, including the largest in the navy, the Marlborough, of one hundred and thirty-one guns. This vessel is a gigantic swimming fortress, making the other craft in her vicinity look like dwarfs. The spectacle as the fleet entered the harbor was magnificent. Advancing in a graceful arc, encompassing the breadth of the harbor, each ship dipped her colors in turn and dropped anchor opposite Santa Lucia, where all fired the customary salute. The Admiral's flagship, with the Admiral aboard, began with a salvo, followed by the other ships in succession. Thereupon the harbor batteries, the castle, and all the Neapolitan warships in the harbor replied. An American frigate concluded the thunderous overture.

It was an imposing sight to see the mighty clouds of steam hover a moment over the dark-blue mirror of the bay, and then slowly and majestically rise up the flanks of the mountain. Yesterday and to-day I have hardly been able to tear my eyes away from the grand view from my window, which looks directly out over Santa Lucia and the fleet lying there. This afternoon I made a trip around the ships in a little boat although the water was pretty rough. How my heart would have welled up had they flown the German flag! . . .

MESSINA, *January* 1, 1860.

The glorious harbor of Messina never seemed to me so beautiful as this magnificent New Year's morning. Looking down the great avenue of flags, flown by the vessels of all nations moored side to side, at the long quay, I saw far away, at the Portofranco end, a Prussian Eagle. It was on the clipper ship Lisette, from Stettin, which had arrived forty-eight hours ahead of us, eighteen days out from London. I at once clambered aboard. The captain and officers were ashore; but six sailors were seated in a group on the forward deck. They looked up in surprise when I shouted to them: *Prosit Neujahr, Landsleute!* All were Pomeranians, and it was their first visit to this part of the world. They were fine, honest fellows. We had a lively conversation, and I stayed aboard nearly two hours. They told me what they had seen in England and Spain, where they had stopped at various ports and spent several days on land. I was pleased by their fresh vivid view of things. These simple people form clear and accurate impressions of foreign countries, and make sensible and just observations upon the places they visit and the people they meet. I would rather trust in their judgment, accuracy, and candor, than in those of many so-called highly educated men, especially members of the nobility. This morning's talk confirmed me in my opinion that we often find a healthier and more normal understanding, and more promising intellectual gifts among our common people than among our blasé, corrupted upper classes; and that it is to the former that we must look for healthy social progress.

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SAINT-SAËNS, THE MASTER

BY ADOLPHE BOSCHOT

From *La Revue Bleue, January 7*
(Nationalist Literary and Political Bi-Monthly)

He was eighty-six years old, but as soon as you saw him, as soon as you heard him at the piano, as soon as he began to recount his memories or with passionate interest to discuss music, it was impossible not to forget his age. What freshness, what verve, what spontaneity! Everything about him felt young and sounded young. And now, suddenly, he is dead, struck down in full course, with no diminution of his powers, taken like one of those youthful heroes whom the gods love and who therefore die young.

Some weeks ago when the Opera was getting ready for a repetition of *Ascanio*, Saint-Saëns, with all the joy and delight of a youngster, sat down once more at the piano and accompanied the singers. Aided by an infallible memory, he had scarcely to glance at the notes, and his fingers still had the touch, the precision, and the delicacy that a virtuoso might envy. Seeing him so, in the year 1921, who would have thought that this same man had played the piano before Louis Philippe, in the Tuileries?

Once, indeed, whilst searching newspapers in order to write the biography of Berlioz, I found in a paper of 1847, some lines which perhaps deserve quotation to-day: —

> Little Saint-Saëns, eleven and a half years old, already knows Greek, translates Virgil satisfactorily enough, delights in algebra and logarithms, all of which does not prevent his being an excellent musician and playing the piano, just as Mozart and Liszt played at his age. Madame the Duchess of Orléans asked M. Halévy to invite the young virtuoso and his teacher, M. Stamaty, to come to the Tuileries, in order that the Comte de Paris might make the acquaintance of this little musical marvel. This intimate royal recital has taken place. Young Saint-Saëns, who had brought his music, left it in the antechamber, and played from memory a Beethoven sonata, a Handel air and variation, some Bach fugues with their preludes, and then a grand fantasy by Hummel.
>
> Some days afterward, the Duchess of Orléans sent to the youthful artist and future professor a very beautiful watch, which called forth, on the part of the budding Mozart, a no less graceful letter of thanks.

How much one can read between these charmingly old-fashioned lines! One can also imagine the young Saint-Saëns as the portraits of those days show him, with locks of long hair, a little vest carefully cut to fit, and a great white turned-down collar. Even then he was celebrated as a prodigious virtuoso; at eight years he was already exchanging gifts and compliments with 'Monsieur Ingres,' for he had played Mozart so well for the painter, who loved good music and his own violin, that Ingres sketched a crayon profile of Mozart for him, and the young virtuoso-composer wrote an adagio, 'dedicated to Monsieur Ingres' (1843). Sixty years later he was to say to me: 'That musical marvel has disappeared, and I don't regret it.'

At eighteen a symphony of his was played anonymously by the Société Sainte-Cécile, which won him at once the attention and friendship of distinguished men. Berlioz had an affection for him; Liszt received him in friendly

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fashion, and it is well known what *Samson*, long-neglected, owes to the generous and prophetic initiative of Liszt. Saint-Saëns, in gratitude, dedicated to him what is perhaps his finest composition, the *Symphony with organ*.

Liszt and Berlioz were the two contemporaries who had the most immediate influence over Saint-Saëns. In the treatment of the orchestra and the conception of the *Poèmes symphoniques*, they were his veritable masters and his initiators; a debt which, with a frankness that did him honor, Saint-Saëns was the first to recognize. But there are others. All the masters and all their music were his. Bach and Mozart, Haydn and the genial and unknown Clementi, the Renaissance masters of counterpoint, Gluck, and our old French masters, Rameau, Couperin, and the delicate Attic authors of our true comic operas, those who really knew how to draw expression and beauty from their notes — all these were familiar to Saint-Saëns.

Let us concern ourselves only with the most beautiful pages of his work; we shall find them very numerous. Even laying aside his chamber music, his ecclesiastical music, his melodies and legends, one is embarrassed to select among his compositions those which are especially admired by the best connoisseurs; his symphonic poems (*Danse Macabre*, *La jeunesse d'Hercule*, *Rouet d'Omphale*, *Phaéton*), his operas (*Samson*, *Henry VIII*, *Ascanio*, *Proserpine*), the orchestral compositions of pure music (*Symphony with organ*, and the concertos). All of these works, indeed, unite the modern and the classic. In plan and conception, in variety, in orchestral color, by the mingling of styles and the fleeting incursion of modes generally unused, and — in his operas — by the intimate fusion of melodic recitatives and declaimed melodies, by striking contrasts, by thematic transformations, by subtle elegance and daring expressions in the writing, these works are modern. They are classic in their clearness, order, and rhythmic qualities.

Saint-Saëns believed that in an opera, where one is watching actors whose words he desires to hear, the human voice ought to be neither confused nor drowned beneath the volume of the orchestra. The voice has a right to expect especially favorable treatment from the composer. He will not, of course, treat it as an end in itself, or without care for expression. If he intrusts to it the truest and most necessary rhythmic designs, he is careful also to give it the support of the orchestra, the sonorous atmosphere that expresses or suggests what the voice can never say. In the treatment of these sonorities, in the designs intrusted to the orchestra, what art and what liberty! What certainty in the employment of polyphony! Each note has its place, each contributes to the whole, each speaks — and, as Mozart said of himself, 'there is not a note too much.' Mozart also said, 'There is no need that music should ever cease to be music.' That sentence might serve as a luminous motto for the whole work of Saint-Saëns. By cultivating beauty, by good taste, by rhythm in proportion, by truth and speed in style, Saint-Saëns is truly a classic — and a French classic!

Even before his death much had been written, not only about his work but also about the man himself, his life and his character. It was clear enough that some authors were engaged in penning panegyrics and others were engaged in penning diatribes. In spite of his age, the whims of Saint-Saëns, his articles in the press, and his polemics, contributed to deflect judgment. He himself, impulsive, headlong, trenchant and bluff, sometimes even stubborn, never long remained of his own opinion,

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but he was always sincere, and, I may add, disinterested as well. He recognized the genius of Richard Wagner before most of the Wagnerians, but from the very first he saw clearly its true characteristics, that is to say, its limits.

The events of the war, the cruelties committed by the Boches in the name of Pan-Germanism, which begins with Wagner, give a very natural bitterness to polemics. It is too early to discuss the matter in the newspapers, still vibrating as they are with the politics of the day. Even in the reviews, where discussion is less feverish, the time is not yet ripe for the discussion — beneath the serene and just light of history — of some ideas which are too immediate, too intimately linked with yesterday's hecatombs. It will be recognized later that Saint-Saëns's attitude was brave, farseeing, and disinterested; I feel sure of this for more than one reason, and especially because of the agreement of the younger school of musicians.

'He spoke for himself,' it has been said, but we must understand what that means. Speaking on behalf of all French music, he could not very well suppress his own work entirely, for it constitutes a considerable part of French music. Of course he spoke for himself, but by that very fact he laid himself open to attacks, and he was therefore talking against his own personal interests. He was in precisely the position of a *poilu* in a battle: he was fighting for himself, since he is French; but when he is wounded, when he falls, then we must recognize that he has exposed and sacrificed himself for others, too, and for France. Yes, it is true that personal interest is intermingled with devotion to *La Patrie*, but every Frenchman who marches straight up to the cannon's mouth has our respect and gratitude.

Saint-Saëns was a fighter. If his had been a less combative personality he would have had more favorable consideration, both written and oral; but time, which puts all things into their true proportions, bestows oblivion upon ephemeral personalities and makes the great figures stand out with their essential characteristics in full relief. As it did with the prolific works of Haydn, so it will discard more than one page of Saint-Saëns, for purity of style and dextrous ingenuity are not always enough to ensure permanence to deft and happy improvisation, which to their very author are no more than recreations. But when an artist has written a *Samson*, a work like the *Symphony with organ*, the four *Poèmes symphoniques*, the concertos for piano, violoncello, and violin, the *Déluge*, the second act of *Proserpine*, and so many other compositions that attain to pure Beauty, he has enriched the domain of art with works that are to be reckoned among the titles of human nobility.

The history of art and letters does not permit us to look forward to an immortality that shall be constant and continually brilliant. Without going back too far into the ages past, we may remark that a Ronsard and a Watteau have been forgotten for more than a century. In the domain of tone, the works of a Bach, a Rameau, a Handel have undergone pathetic eclipses, but for all that, they are alive. They have been resurrected because they have remained alive, even when they seemed all but dead. The masterpieces of Saint-Saëns will partake of that instable and precarious life which is called immortality. In those periods when the public of France shall be worthy to bring them to life, to understand them, and to love them, there will be found in them the worship of a Beauty that conforms truly to the French genius.

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WILLIAM II AS AN HISTORIAN

[*A big folio in white covers and red letters, entitled in German,* Comparative Historical Tables, *has just appeared. It is anonymous, but the author is William II. The book is dedicated to 'German Science.' Doubtless it will have a large circulation, and will be widely read in certain circles. Its historical value is probably fairly appraised in the following articles. We print in the order mentioned reviews of this book which appeared in the* Frankfurter Zeitung *of January* 1 *and the London* Times *of January* 12.]

I. A LIBERAL GERMAN CRITICISM

SINCE the signing of the Armistice the German people have been bombarded with books in which the generals and admirals who lost the war, and the politicians who helped them do it, tell us how excellently they conducted themselves and what trouble they took to avoid hostilities. They assure us that the conflict came and was eventually lost, not through any remissness or error of their own, but on account of the blunders of other people.

We need not question that much of this is written in good faith. There are men whom even a World War does not teach to know themselves, and whose self-conceit is unshaken even by such a disaster as has befallen Germany.

We could assume beforehand that William II belonged to this class. But he has taken the trouble to call it expressly to our attention. It has been known for some time that he was arranging certain 'comparative history diagrams.' Originally they were intended for his personal use. Last year they were privately printed and circulated among a few friends. Now they have been published at Leipzig. These Tables, which fill seventy-five big quarto pages, contain a chronological list of the most important events from 1878 to 1914, with certain additions — for instance, extracts from Belgian Embassy reports. The author has refrained from personal comment; so that at first glance the Tables seem to be mere chronological diagrams. But, quite naturally, they are designed to convey a definite impression; namely, that the Entente made the war, and that William and his satellites were spotlessly innocent. An accompanying essay, written by an 'anonymous historian,' enforces this latter fact, lest it escape the ordinary observer.

We wish we might leave the question of war-guilt to rest for all time, at least until it had ceased to be a matter of immediate moment. We would gladly leave the unfortunate man at Amerongen in peace; if he would only remain in the peace against which he has so often sinned. But we cannot appear to acquiesce, by our silence, when people who have every reason to court oblivion attempt to confuse the mind of the nation.

Guilt! If the only question was whether or not the former Kaiser willed the war, we need no Tables. Possibly some foreigners still fancy that he did, although many, even of them, now hold a different opinion. But we Germans have always known that he did not and have never doubted it. But does that settle the question? The World War was the natural outcome of a definite historical situation. Naturally personal influence played a part throughout, even at the last moment; but the main cause was the world situation. How did that come about? William's Tables are intended to show —

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and the historian we have mentioned takes care to point out — that three things, and only three things, caused the war: the revenge-policy of France; the envy of England, and Russia's lust for conquest. That is by no means the whole truth; but it has the advantage of absolving Germany's policy, which the Kaiser and his advisers determined, of all guilt. However, this is not history. It is misleading fiction; such as we get from the pen of Ludendorff and others, including so-called 'historians.'

In truth, the history of William's reign was quite different from what he represents it to have been. First of all, he apparently does not comprehend, even to-day, the damage he did by his speeches. Whole books could be written on that subject alone — and have been written. But other capital blunders are omitted in the tables, of which William seems to know nothing. For instance, under the year 1898, we read in the column headed 'Russia': 'Russia sent out invitations to a Peace Conference.' The corresponding space in the column of Germany is blank; though much belongs there. Here and elsewhere we find no notice of the harm that the Kaiser and his Ministers did at these Hague Conferences. We do not deny that there were alleviating circumstances. Their mentality prevented them from comprehending what it all meant. The purpose of the Peace Conferences was to bring forth something new; but these people lived in a world of the past. Unfortunately, the proposal was prejudiced by the Tsar's taking the initiative. That angered some of our most advanced Liberals and Radicals, who said: 'What good can come from the Tsar?' Still, statesmen hold their positions because they are supposed to be more clever than other men, and they have access to broader sources of information. Our German statesmen did not know what was in the air. Neither did the Kaiser, who burst out immediately in a public address discrediting the already doomed meeting at The Hague, and declaring that a German army, ready to fight at the drop of a hat, was the only guaranty of peace.

The result is well known. A Conference in 1899 accomplished little; and for this Germany's representatives were directly responsible. We do not mean to say that we ought to have accepted uncritically all the proposals brought forward. We should have tested them on their merits, instead of opposing the whole programme on principle, as we did. Professor Zorn was the only German delegate who seemed to have had a glimmer of the new light; but he could accomplish little, and at the second Conference was quietly suppressed. An odd incident in this connection was that Colonel Gross von Schwarzhoff, who bluntly refused to consider the Russian proposal for disarmament, was honored for this act with a Doctor's degree from Konigsberg University, the institution whence the famous *Tractate upon Permanent Peace* was issued! Quite in keeping with this precedent, the same university recently conferred the doctorate upon General Ludendorff. A remark by an American delegate in regard to the effect of Germany's attitude, hit off the situation at The Hague very aptly: 'The train is ready to start, and if the Germans don't get aboard they will be left on the platform.' Already we had a suggestion of Germany's coming encirclement. By the time a second Hague Conference assembled, that process was proceeding rapidly.

Germany's imperial policy also did other things to isolate us. Every man who has taken the trouble to study the record, and accepts the testimony of his own eyes, knows this. We shall cite

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only two witnesses. Gothein says: 'All the members of the Conference carried away with them the assumption that Germany and her follower, Austria-Hungary, had done all they could to prevent an international understanding; because they intended to break the peace as soon as conditions seemed favorable for doing so, and did not wish to be embarrassed by international agreements. From that time on, both countries were objects of universal suspicion.' Minister Simons says: 'Germany's attitude toward international arbitration and disarmament in 1907 contributed materially, I believe, to the outbreak of the war in 1914, and to Germany's defeat. It filled the world with distrust.'

So, we repeat, the Kaiser did not will a war. But what did his desire for peace profit us, so long as he and his advisers pursued such a foolish policy? Even admitting extenuating circumstances, we cannot avoid seeing clearly the appalling stupidity of which the Government was guilty. But the worst charges against William lie in another direction.

How did it happen, that by the time of the second Hague Conference, Germany was already practically encircled? Naturally, the former Kaiser's Tables tell us nothing about this. How could they, when the author proceeds from the assumption that Germany is utterly innocent, and that the devilish work was all on the other side? There was devilish work, it is true. Unhappily, however, there was also official incompetence in Germany, which prepared the way for our encirclement. We did not know at the time, but we know to-day, how England exerted herself to secure an alliance with Germany. The negotiations were conducted behind a dense diplomatic veil, and have only become public during the last few years. But we know to-day that the policy pursued by William and his satellites brought these overtures to naught, and that by doing so they became largely responsible for Germany's misfortune — so far as that misfortune can be attributed to policy, and not to the mentality which lay behind it.

Salisbury, who admired and liked Bismarck, and was a friend of Germany, proposed to the Imperial Government, and to the Kaiser himself, in 1895, to divide Turkey between Germany and England. We refused the proposal. If our refusal had been based on lofty moral grounds it would have been only too commendable. But Holstein, an eccentric creature, who later became actually insane, was for decades the evil genius of our Foreign Office; and he smelled an English intrigue. Any true statesman would have been justified in asking whether an alliance with England might not involve us in a dangerous war with France and Russia. But that conflict eventually came, and England was on the other side. This shows that our distrust was falsely conceived; but distrust for England became an obsession, governing half of our foreign relations. The other half was controlled by our traditional reverence for the Tsar. The two together effectively defeated England's further overtures.

Naturally, England did not court us for our good looks, but because she wished to escape from her splendid isolation. In 1898, Joe Chamberlain said this frankly to Graf Hatzfeldt, and again proposed an alliance. But Berlin again refused on account of Russia. Even then Chamberlain did not give up, and stated in a public address: 'Every statesman has long desired that we might escape from our present isolation on the Continent; and I think that the alliance most natural for us would be with the German Empire.'

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Bülow replied in the Reichstag that Germany must preserve other valuable connections, and thus again rejected England's outstretched hand. This gesture of refusal evoked the applause of a great majority of the German people, whom it should have been the task of a farsighted statesman to instruct more wisely.

In 1901, again, Germany might have become a party to the alliance which England was already contemplating with Japan; but the German Government refused it, chiefly because the Kaiser's prejudice against the yellow race — whom he could not endure — made him personally hostile to such an arrangement. We must keep all these British overtures before our eyes, at the same time bearing in mind Berlin's conclusive knowledge that if England could not have an alliance with Germany she would seek closer relations with France and Russia. That was what started our encirclement. The Imperial Government was responsible for its initiation. Once started on this course, our enemies needed no encouragement.

However, our official policy constantly stimulated them in their new project. Consider the Morocco incident! One step in forging the hostile chain around us was England's treaty with France, practically turning over Morocco to its neighbor. Germany had the right to protest, but she should have shown common sense in the matter. We had made England an opponent, but we had no reason also to irritate the French unnecessarily. French chauvinism had largely subsided. But the offensive way in which Berlin proceeded to assert Germany's rights aroused a new wave of hostility in France, and drove her into England's arms.

Equally perverse was the abortive effort to secure an alliance with Russia, which William made at Björkö. He imagined he could alienate Russia from France, just at the time when he was putting the latter country into a rage by his stupidity in Morocco. Nothing was left undone to make enemies. Consider the Kaiser's conduct when Russia proposed to bring pressure on England, during the Boer War. He not only rejected the suggestion, as was quite proper, but he took it upon himself to inform London of the whole affair; and naturally this leaked through to Petrograd. So our shifty, inconsistent, perverse diplomacy ended by discrediting us with every neighbor, and made our encirclement inevitable.

We need not continue this relation further; for there are books enough upon the subject. The three episodes we have described prove that it is merely soap-box oratory to ascribe England's policy wholly to jealousy of Germany. Undoubtedly, much jealousy existed; but the responsible statesmen of Great Britain were moved by quite different motives. We have not the slightest intention of absolving them from all blame. After England once made up her mind to bring Germany to task, she pursued her object not only with persistence, but with the relentlessness that she traditionally exhibits in such cases. She left no stone unturned; she scorned no agent, — from her peripatetic sovereign, Edward, down to people like Northcliffe, — to forge a mighty coalition against Germany. Although we had, to be sure, some crazy and vociferous pan-Germans, yet a vast majority of the people, and even the cabinet and the Kaiser, honestly wished peace. The condemnatory comments which Belgian Embassy reports of that period make upon Great Britain's policy are well founded. But we must never lose sight of what went before.

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While promoting this policy of encirclement, England fell into her own trap. British statesmen may have been aware of that, and we can easily understand that no British cabinet liked the situation. So Lord Haldane's mission to Berlin in 1912 was arranged as a last effort to secure an agreement with Germany. It was a candid overture. All the world knows how it was defeated by the senseless naval policy of the Kaiser and his man, Tirpitz. Soon afterward, Grey and Cambon signed a compact, by which England and France covenanted to help each other, if either were attacked without provocation by a third Power, or if a situation arose which imperiled the world's peace. Every rebuff which England met in Berlin was a new hammer blow, forging more strongly the steel circle of the Entente. But at the same time England lost control of the situation. Russia wanted a war; so did Poincaré and his crowd. Franz Ferdinand was assassinated. Austria gambled once too often. Thereupon the Kaiser — the Kaiser and his cabinet at Berlin — were swept off their feet, because their mental make-up made them regard the July situation, — which was by no means unsolvable for any man of normal, healthy human understanding, — from the artificial and fantastic standpoint of a bygone age.

Guilt? In the meaning given the term by the Versailles Treaty, we are indeed not guilty. It was a disgrace to the treaty-makers that they compelled us to sign such a profession, and history will so adjudge their act. But history, and not William's historical Tables, will decide that question. Now we are crushed and prostrate, and we are quite aware to whom we owe our fate. We owe it mainly to a combination of incompetence, stupidity, and folly, unexampled in the history of the world. It is grotesque. Knowing this, we stuff the former Kaiser's historical 'Tables,' and all other literature of its kind, into the stove.

II. AN ENGLISH CRITICISM

It is natural that those who have been occupied in great affairs should spend the leisure which they enjoy in retirement by rehearsing once again all that they have done, in order that they may justify their actions to their confidants, to the world, and to themselves. Such justification appears all the more urgent to those whose life has ended in defeat or disgrace. Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe and Napoleon at St. Helena never wearied in fighting over again the old battles and explaining their motives and purposes, and it is natural enough that the Emperor William should do the same.

But the Emperor was no Bismarck and no Napoleon. Any doubts that might still have been entertained as to the mediocrity of his intelligence and the weakness of his character would be dissipated by a perusal of the contribution which he offers us as to the origins of the war. Here we have a man who for over five-and-twenty years occupied the centre of the stage in European and world politics, who talked and gesticulated and dressed up as a king and a soldier. It was on his will that the fate of nations appeared to depend, and he made himself the spokesman of the ambitions of his own country. His reign has ended in an unparalleled disaster, and there has fallen upon him a retribution so terrible and so just that it is difficult not to believe in a Providence which arranges these things; for he is condemned during his lifetime to a fate as apt as any that Rhadamanthus awarded to the

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tyrants of antiquity. He is forgotten and ignored, and from the obscurity of Amerongen watches the world, which passes on oblivious of him.

What more natural than that he should attempt to justify the acts of his reign, even if it is only for his own personal satisfaction? What was the real truth behind that figure, which to the distant observer might appear so imposing? What was the purpose of those words which from time to time reëchoed through the world? We should like to know how it now all appears to him. But those who turn to his production with hopes of this kind will come away disappointed. They will find in it nothing — a mere vacuum. In form, the work is similar to the tabular collection of facts which is useful to an industrious schoolboy; it is the kind of thing which the conscientious history mistress in a secondary school will compile for her pupils. We find here put together what we may call a skeleton of history, the essential dates, the treaties, the wars, and the meetings of kings and emperors. If we were writing a review of a history textbook we might have some observations to make as to the manner in which these dates were selected and suggest minor improvements, modifications, or corrections for a second edition.

It is not this, however, to which we would on this occasion draw attention. It is the vacuity of the whole and the nature of the comments attached. After all, these tables have been composed by one of the chief actors; surely we might expect that he would afford us something which we could not get from the ordinary published sources. Of this there is practically nothing. We find only a statement that in 1900 the Tsar surprised Bülow and the Emperor by informing them that he intended to go to war with Japan as soon as possible, and that King Edward in 1909 told the Emperor that the excitement in the public opinion and Press in England in regard to the growth of the German fleet was ludicrous — a statement which we hesitate to accept in this form.

Most significant is the comment; this is nearly always in the form of quotations from the writings of external observers. Among these great prominence is given to the well-known reports of the Belgian representatives abroad, which were published by the German Government. We have plentiful excerpts from authenticated or unauthenticated rumors current among the obscurer diplomatists of the minor Powers — Boghitschevitsch, Brantschaminow, Kosutisch — these are the men whom the German Emperor cites as witnesses to character; and he goes even beyond this; unsigned articles in Russian and German papers, the dregs of the cuttings from the British Press and the quotations we all know so well, and in this galaxy we can be sure that the *Germania delenda est*, and even Mr. F. C. Conybeare, will not be missing. It is the mere unsifted rubbish of the jumble sale, the scouring of the dust heaps, the penny box of the secondhand bookstall in Farringdon Street. And we know it all so well. It is the basis of what the Germans call propaganda, which has served them for half a generation, and is still being scattered abroad for anyone who has leisure and stupidity enough to read it. But what is important is that apparently the German Emperor believes it all; he thinks that it is worth while to place on record among the evidences as to the origin of the war what Mr. Frank Harris wrote in 1887, or what some German newspaper article says that some diplomatist of the Balkans tells us that Sir Edward Grey had said to somebody else.

So much for the positive side. But

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on the negative side, where is the German Emperor himself? What did he do? What did he think? What was he aiming at? We know all that he said in public. We have read almost with incredulity the half-insane comments which he wrote on such of the dispatches and telegrams as the German Foreign Office forwarded to him. We turn, for instance, to the critical date, July 5, 1914. We know from other sources what happened then. A letter was delivered from the Austrian Emperor to the Kaiser and he personally guaranteed to the Austrian envoy his full support and approval of the proposed Austrian action. We know also that when Tschirschky warned the Austrians to be careful what they did, the Emperor ordered him to be reprimanded and not talk such nonsense. These were personal acts of his as Sovereign; it was in obedience to his instructions that the German Government took the action which almost inevitably led to war; it was this which was the origin of all that was to follow. We turn to the tables which he himself has drawn up, and what we find is: —

> The German Government considers the clearing-up of the relations with Serbia is an Austrian affair, in which Germany will not interfere.

This is all; what he does, in fact, is not to state what really happened, but once again to put forward the diplomatic subterfuge by which the German Government tried to deceive the world, a subterfuge which has long ago been exposed. He is attempting to make others forget, he is attempting himself to forget, the essential part which he himself played. He has not the courage to acknowledge his own actions, and rather than do so he would represent himself as a mere figurehead.

And as in this case, so it is throughout. Nothing in his reign was more personal to himself than the creation of the German fleet; it was his hope that he would go down to posterity as the man who had built up German sea power so as to make his own country a rival to England. Any true record of his reign written by himself must give the first prominence to this, as it had the first prominence in all his acts and speeches at the time. But it is now clear that it was this above all which in reality led to Germany's downfall, and so we note that while he finds space for long extracts from the rather amateurish comments of Belgian diplomatists, the growth of the German fleet is placed not in the forefront but in the background; there is not a single quotation from his or Bülow's speeches as to its purport and importance.

A man with any greatness of soul, looking back on all that had happened, might indeed recognize that he had often blundered, but would not fear to avow the great ambitions by which he had been inspired, and to show how nearly success was attained. What he would not do would be to try to reconstruct history on the basis that Germany had throughout been on the defensive; he would not obscure and ignore the challenge she had given to Europe and the world.

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AT THE PAN-RUSSIAN CONGRESS

BY PAUL SCHEFFER

From *Berliner Tageblatt, January* 3
(RADICAL LIBERAL DAILY)

LENIN's friends call him the 'Old Man.' It is an amiable expression. But as Lenin gazed down upon the assembled delegates of the Pan-Russian Soviet Congress from the stage of the great theatre, — before rendering account of the work of the Soviet Government for 1921, — although obviously aware of the deep confidence and respect of the men before him, he seemed utterly indifferent to that confidence or to personal popularity. He warmed up his hearers, but did not warm up himself. In the whole assembly of eighteen hundred delegates, I did not detect a single noticeably intelligent face; yet Lenin's style and delivery were not designed to appeal to common people. His words were those of an abstract theorist; of a man of concepts and notions, who is gifted with a genius for dialectics, a precise and rich vocabulary, and rhetorical art. Amidst these surroundings, such qualities might seem to place a barrier between himself and his audience; but if this barrier existed, it was due mostly to the universal feeling that the first man in Russia, the prop and centre of the new state, was speaking. More than that, the great meeting was heart and soul with the orator, albeit his culture and personal history were so radically different from their own.

I heard Lenin's speech from a seat in his immediate vicinity; but I regretted that I could not at the same time occupy a place in the gallery, in order to study better the power which this historical man exercises over his hearers. I saw before me an undersized person, evidently one of the common people, stocky, haggard, his almost wild features seemingly dwarfed and overshadowed by an imposing brow; his skull peculiarly abbreviated and extenuated into a form which I have never seen in any other individual. He was dressed in a wrinkled, slouchy suit, and wore a soft collar. During the great ovation which greeted him, — and which was prolonged this year, as it was a year ago, by studied efforts in the audience, — he stood with a scowl upon his face, awkwardly arranging the disorderly sheets of a manuscript, though without much success. He kept his eyes on his papers, and gave no sign of appreciation.

The opening of his speech betrayed the technique of a practised speaker, who rises only slowly to his full height. He did not glance at the audience until he had spoken at least a hundred words. Gradually his delivery quickened. His voice did not become fuller, but merely sharper. It ranges only through the middle keys of the octave; but after a time the auditor is impressed by its power. Lenin has a remarkable gift for striking epigrams, daring figures, irony, sarcasm, contempt — all symbolical of his iron will. His words issue from a thin mouth which opens in a triangle and seldom suggests the contour of a smile. Never does he exhibit a trace of sentiment. No cadences of pathos, hope, or sympathy thrill his voice, no effort to persuade. Instead, he brusquely rejects and casts aside views

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different from his own, with ineffable contempt and stinging sarcasm and wit. Almost invariably his argument ends with a stab. He carefully prepares the way for the moment when he explodes the final word — yet he always does that in a moderate voice. He produces his most powerful effects in his lowest tone; he never rises to a sonorous climax. It is true he sometimes fails to reach his audience; only a few catch his point and laugh. You are reminded of the fact that this man is a lonely soul, a sternly self-disciplined brain-worker, who rules his people by the power of an iron will.

Lenin does not seek to say pleasant things, or to put his thoughts in a pleasing form. He is accurate, implacable, unpleasing; but his words are the incarnation of will and sacrifice. Apparently these qualities, of which every man in the great building is conscious, enchain the masses more effectively than any flattery.

'Under present conditions we can help the peasants only by trade, *only by trade*. This is the path which we must honestly take and continue to follow; but not forever. The reason is our inability to restore our great industries, ruined as they are by the imperialistic war and the civil war, and thereby to give the assistance to agriculture which it must have.' No more improvisation, no more fairy schemes; but only systematic effort to put mining and manufacturing and transportation again on their feet. 'Not two years, or three years, but ten years and perhaps fifteen years, will be required.' He is pitiless in unveiling the verities of the situation: 'Our disappointing failures to improve transportation' have prevented the collection of the grain tax. Next he describes the 'frightful state' of the fuel supply. False calculation during the first half of the year, which had to be corrected during the second half. Unless this situation improves there is no hope of bettering industrial conditions as a whole; instead things will continue to get worse.

We begin to catch the thread of his argument. It is no longer a question, as it was a year ago, of military operations and revolutionary tactics. What is now needed is steady humdrum labor. The mining industry is suffering from a crisis. Only six per cent of the pre-war quantity of metal is being produced. The only branch of production which has a larger product than before the war is the preparation of peat. Germany is to deliver twenty machines in the coming year, to be used in developing Russia's peat deposits on a large scale. Here Lenin interposes a dry remark which elicits a laugh from the audience: 'Our friendly relations with the leading land of Europe have accordingly been resumed.'

Then follows a summary of the whole situation: an exposé of the new economics. First, a guaranty that people who start new enterprises on a hundred-per-cent-profit basis shall receive different treatment from that they receive in bourgeois countries. In this connection he discusses the reform of the *Cheka*, or all-powerful Soviet secret police. This organization is the terror of domestic speculators, and indeed of the whole capitalist bourgeoisie; but it is indispensable, too, in fighting the plots of the world bourgeoisie against Russia and in suppressing resistance of the bourgeoisie at home to the Peasants and Workers Government. Henceforth, the Cheka must limit its functions 'to purely political matters.' It will be interesting to see whether that is done.

After these explanations, he concentrates upon his great theme. Russia must learn a new economic policy. 'We have all, in a measure, fallen into the error of refusing to learn.' The Revolution was a great step forward in world history. The successful war

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against Soviet Russia's enemies at home and abroad was a great achievement. But these were exploits which the nation could carry through on a wave of enthusiasm; they did not demand a high degree of self-control and self-discipline. However, economic tasks cannot be accomplished by mere enthusiasm. He relates an old Russian fable, which must have been a little bitter for his audience: A flock of geese refused to follow their gooseherd, claiming that their forefathers had saved the Capitol at Rome. The gooseherd answered: 'And what have you done?' Is the revolutionary Communist to regard himself as his own ancestor? Is he to rest on those laurels? Great deeds were done in 1918 and 1919; but now, new tasks face the proletariat and its leaders. They must decide which is right: what the geese demanded, or what the gooseherd answered. 'Insist a hundred times that you are Communists and good trades-unionists. I ask you then: What is the situation, for example, with regard to raw materials? Without raw materials, no manufactures; without manufactures, no proletariat. While people are talking and writing about the proletarian movement, the proletariat and our great industries disappear together. We have too many people who love to hug their own delusions. That has brought us people of Russia to a state of poverty which I never in my life thought possible.' Instead of constantly planning new organizations and new schemes, the Russian people must labor and labor. 'We hear much useless and boastful talking about nationalizing twenty factories, and do not stop to inquire if a single one of these factories is run as it should be.' The 'war temple' of the Revolution 'is not its labor temple.'

In fact, Lenin's whole address is a hard, sharp, relentless declaration of war against the spirit of the Revolution, against all the miracles of sentimental exaltation and transient enthusiasm that brought about the great proletarian victory. To-day the very opposite qualities are demanded — cool foresight, calculation, spare words and abundant deeds. The new policy is 'irrevocable.' In fact, the speaker intentionally touched to the quick the weaknesses of his hearers, who hitherto had prided themselves upon the very qualities which he attacked. To-day the proletarian can wisely take lessons 'from any hundred per cent merchant.' Lenin's criticism of the organizations which are the very heart and soul of his own Government was relentless. The trades-unions must henceforth keep out of politics, and must learn something of which they are still ignorant — how to increase production.

In spite of this, the speaker did not chide his audience. His listeners did not feel that he was talking at them, but that he was talking with them — that he was one of themselves, laboring in a common cause. Lenin very artfully cultivated this impression, from his first words to his last. His cutting, powerful indictment of conditions wounded no person. During the most dangerous passages of his speech, — and the most important ones, — where he discussed the new economic organization of the Soviet Government, where his words went directly home to every member of the Government without exception, where he charged the Soviet State founded by the sovereign proletariat with countless sins and follies, he invariably relieved the tension at just the proper moment by some remark that brought a smile of relief to the faces of his audience. The expression of the latter was very like the expression of an audience in a theatre, when the hollow moral pretensions of middle-class respectability are ruthlessly punctured. We all know how successful that form

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of comedy is. I observed the same expression of self-conscious, detected delinquency, though to be sure on countenances of a very different type. In spite of the bitterness of the pill, there was no indication of resentment. But how long do the people who go to the theatre keep in mind the moral lesson of the play after the curtain falls? In any case, Lenin carried the Congress with him, and converted the delegates heart and soul to his opinions. The rest must be left to persistent drudging labor, constantly watched and inspired from Moscow. At earlier Congresses the people were exhorted to renounce old political opinions and social customs. Now we witness a logical change of mental front — a return to sound common sense after a breakneck chase over hill and dale in pursuit of flighty fancies.

Lenin did not attend the convention of the Communist Party which was held immediately before the Pan-Russian Congress. Some said he was ill; others that he had gone hunting. The real reason probably was that he wished to lend superior dignity to the Congress by personally appearing before its delegates as a body; for generally the Congress merely confirms the decisions already agreed upon at secret party sessions. To judge from what I personally saw of the Congress proceedings, the Peoples' Commissioners invariably take the initiative in proposing measures and debating them. The subsequent discussion is confined to five-minute speeches, and apparently is intended to train the delegates in parliamentary practice — parliamentary practice *à la Lenin*. The members are as orderly and attentive as in a well-disciplined school. Among the delegates are some strong Gor'kii types, but, as I have said, scarcely a face which betrays striking intelligence. I observe several strong-featured men, whose countenances suggest character and common sense; but very rarely indeed is there a man obviously above the average in intellectual capacity. If the future leaders of the coming Communist State are to be drafted from the rank and file of this audience, as is so confidently asserted, then to judge from appearances they will be very different men from the present cosmopolitan Marxian intellectuals, whom their followers — with characteristic Russian mysticism — seem to regard as immortal.

To judge from appearances the members of the Congress are mostly from the petty bourgeoisie; only a few seem to be real workingmen. But to-day they are the masters and rulers of whole provinces. The delegates seem fitting representatives of the Russian provinces as we know them to-day, with their ruined industries, their delapidation, misery, and poverty — inconceivable to Lenin until he was brought face to face with the fearful reality. But they are models of correct deportment here in this gigantic theatre with its red-plush seats and silken draperies. A table with a red-felt cover stands on the stage. It is occupied by the Party leaders. Behind them is a set scene, left over from imperial times, representing a palace hall in gold and blue, in the style of Louis XV. Most of the delegates are housed during their stay in Moscow in an immense building which was formerly a seminary for priests. Some five or six per cent of the two thousand present belong to no party. All are fed by the Government, and receive traveling expenses, which are limited by decree to transportation and one thirtieth of their annual salary. However, this regulation is not strictly enforced.

Lenin's insistence upon an 'unbiased taking-stock of the situation' is merely the general formula for the problems with which the delegates must deal during the present Congress. First

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and foremost they must comprehend the significance and danger of the central problem — the relation between city and country. The economic ties between the two are snapping, one after another. Kamenev points out that compared with pre-war conditions, the wealth of the country districts has declined only one half, while that of the cities has declined four fifths. These figures may be open to question; but the general fact is incontestable. So the cities have nothing to offer the country, and the country, self-centred as it is, acts accordingly. That means famine in the towns. 'If the peasants refuse to support the proletarian State, the survival of that State immediately becomes the most critical of questions. We must convince the peasant that a proletarian Government does better by him than did the former exploiting bourgeois Government, which levied a tax of nine or ten gold rubles upon him, while the present Government tax, if collected, will amount to but two or three gold rubles. The Government must exert itself to the utmost to encourage the peasant to raise larger crops, and — so far as possible — should provide him with manufactures from State establishments; but since this is not practicable just at present, the authorities must turn to different tools, even though they are those in "worst repute" — such as credit institutions, banks, and the like. . . . This raises two big questions which must be thoroughly discussed and settled. In restoring private industries and relinquishing the Communist organization of business, it was intended that the Government should remain in control of those dominating branches of business which are ripe for socialization. The Government proposes to play the same rôle which men like Morgan, Rockefeller, and Stinnes play in a capitalist State.'

However, the very first experience with the new system raised doubt as to the ability of nationalized undertakings to compete with private industry. Already, in spite of the vigilance of the trades-unions, private business pays higher wages, and relieves its employees of many bureaucratic restrictions which still burden the laborers in Government works and shops. Closely associated with this is the second question. Shall local industries be freed from central supervision, and turned over entirely to the control of the soviets of their own neighborhoods? These two questions are the subject of bitter controversies.

But the visitor at the Congress recognizes all the time that these theoretical debates have little to do with the realities of the situation. The speakers, in their lofty flights, lose touch with the solid ground. Lenin called his followers to account sternly; but there are worse faults than those which he so bitterly condemns: universal corruption, incompetence and confusion in public business, suppression of free thought, uncertainty and vagueness of private law, the impoverishment of the administration, due to confining responsible authority to members of the Communist Party. These faults are mainly responsible for Russia's present condition, and for the fearfully slow introduction of the proposed reforms. Lenin knew his audience, and knew just how far he could go with its members. The smashing blows he dealt to their self-confidence and self-esteem suggested even more crushing attacks later upon the moral self-complacency of his followers — his intention to proceed to an ethical cleansing of his administration. That indeed will be a tremendous task.

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NATURE'S UNDERWORLD

BY J. ARTHUR THOMSON

[*Dr. Thomson, one of the most distinguished British biologists, is almost equally famous for the skill with which he combines authority and interest in his popular articles.*]

From the *New Statesman, December* 31
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

THERE seems to have been a persistent endeavor on the part of animals to get out of the water on to dry land. In various ways it has been to them age after age El Dorado — to some a place of safety, to others a less crowded home, to some a freer air, to others more abundant food. Thus, after plants had prepared the way, the dry land was invaded by successive contingents of animals — such as earthworms, centipedes, and amphibians, each great invasion with far-reaching consequences.

But after adventurous pioneers of various races of animals had reached the promised land, they discovered that it was not always flowing with milk and honey. In water they could move freely in any direction in three dimensions; on land they were restricted to one plane — the surface of the earth. In the sea they could lay their eggs almost anywhere in the universal cradle of the waters, unless the struggle for existence was terribly keen; on land they had to hide them, or bury them. Often the only solution of the difficulty was for the mothers to carry the young ones about with them before birth or after birth, not parting with them till they were more or less able to fend for themselves. Thus we see many a spider carrying about her eggs, and by and by her young ones in a silken bag. The kangaroo puts its very helpless, prematurely born, young ones into an external pouch, and it is quaint afterwards to see them going out and coming in.

The essential point is simply this, that the conquest of the dry land involves risks of drought and frost and overcrowding; there are no currents to bring food near; the abundant oxygen is more difficult to capture. Therefore it became necessary for some of the colonists to trek once more; some became arboreal and others got into the air; some became cave dwellers and others, which we wish now to study, burrowed beneath the ground.

There is a strong probability that earthworms sprang from a fresh-water stock, which in turn had been started by migrants from the sea. Many not very distant relatives of earthworms are to be found in fresh water, and there are several genuine earthworms, like *Alma* and *Dero*, which possess gills. It is likely then that migrants from fresh water became burrowers beneath the surface and had for a time a Golden Age — a world of their own and plenty of food. As ages passed, however, the centipedes followed the earthworms underground, perhaps in the Carboniferous Period, and they continue to be their inveterate enemies. Then came burrowing carnivorous beetles. There is also in Brazil a carnivorous Planarian worm which follows the earthworms into their retreats, and in our own country the carnivorous slug (*Testacella*)

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does the same. Ages afterwards there were moles. Thus the earthworms have become a much persecuted race — their Golden Age long since over. How do they survive at all? They have become nocturnal; they are exquisitely sensitive to vibrations; they can grow a new tail or even a new head if what they had is cleanly bitten off.

What a compact bundle of adaptations is a mole! Its shape is suited for tunneling, its snout for thrusting and probing, its short muscular neck for tossing up the loose earth. Its shovel-like hands are broadened out by an extra sickle bone, and the muscles of the pectoral girdle are those of an athlete. It literally swims beneath the ground, and can turn through 120 degrees in four strokes. Negatively, it has no projecting ear trumpet, for that would be in the way; the rudimentary eye is well protected with hair, so that it is not scratched; there are arrangements for keeping the earth out of the nostrils and the mouth. The hair has no 'set,' so that it is not ruffled when the animal moves backward, and it is very readily kept clean. The mole is an extraordinarily strong and active animal, with a big appetite and unsurpassed rapidity of digestion; it is no coincidence that its staple food consists of earthworms, which are very abundant. In winter it can burrow below the grip of the frost's fingers, and it also makes caches of decapitated earthworms to serve as a last resource. Has not the mole conquered the underground world?

Until we look into the matter we do not realize the number and variety of subterranean animals, living like sappers and miners out of sight. There is sometimes a literal truth in the phrase 'the living earth.' Not very much is yet known of the Protozoa of the soil, the amœbas and infusorians that live in damp earth. They are sometimes of agricultural importance, for instance, by devouring large numbers of the bacteria which bring about decomposition or other useful chemical changes in the soil.

At a much higher level are a few subterranean Planarian worms and numerous threadworms which pass the whole or part of their life underground. Many of these threadworms are notorious for their destruction of garden produce and field crops, and they are the more formidable because of their capacity for surviving prolonged drought. They lie inert and even brittle, month after month, even year after year, showing no sign of being alive, and yet not dead, as is shown by their reawakening when the rains return and the soil is once more moist.

The general significance of subterranean life is clearly illustrated by the larvæ of various terrestrial insects. The adults are usually able to fly, but they lay their eggs in the safety and moisture of the ground, and the larvæ live there for months or even for years, feeding on the roots of plants, and accumulating energy for the adult reproductive period when feeding often counts for little. The tough larvæ of click beetles, known as wireworms, do incalculable harm in devouring the underground parts of plants, and it is difficult to discover any counteractive. Leatherjackets are the subterranean maggots of the crane fly or daddy longlegs, and it is a not uncommon sight to see the rather graceful insect struggling out of the pupa-case which the larva makes just at the surface of the soil.

A different rank must be given to a number of adult insects that have become subterranean, such as some ants and termites, which dislike the light of day, and little small-eyed staphylinid beetles, which are found only in the burrows of moles and hamsters. A very interesting miner is the mole cricket (*Gryllotalpa*), a clever burrower with

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enormously strong forelegs very suggestive of those of the mole. The list of backboneless burrowers includes two blind centipedes and a blind millipede. There are also some snails and slugs which go deeply into the ground.

When we pass from backboneless to backboned animals, we find a temporary burrower in the African mudfish (*Protopterus*), which buries itself in the earth when the pool dries up, keeping its mouth at the foot of a narrow pipe that goes up to the surface. It may spend more than half the year in a lethargic state, and it is sometimes safely transported to London inside its mud nest, which is then dissolved away to liberate the fish.

Certain old-fashioned amphibians, the blind Cæcilians, have sought refuge underground, and assumed an earthworm-like appearance without any trace of limbs. Unlike frogs and newts, which are quite naked, these Cæcilians have minute scales imbedded in their skin, and this is one of the archaic features linking them back to a remote scale-bearing ancestry. Another interesting point is that the *unhatched* young have gills — a shunting backward of a feature which would appear later if the Cæcilians spent their youth in the water after the fashion of ordinary amphibians.

It is rather striking to take one of these Cæcilians and place beside it a burrowing limbless lizard (an *Amphisbænid*) and a burrowing snake (say *Typhlops*,) three animals belonging to very different groups, one an amphibian and the other two reptiles. Yet they are extraordinarily like one another externally — they show an earthworm-like cylindrical body, no trace of limbs, and minute, hidden, or degenerate eyes. Moreover, the big ventral scales which ordinary snakes use in gripping the ground are replaced in burrowing snakes by small scales like those which cover the rest of the body. Such superficial resemblance between unrelated animals is called 'convergence'; it means that different kinds of animals have come to be similarly adapted to similar conditions of life — in this case, burrowing underground.

A burrowing bird seems almost like a contradiction in terms, and yet, besides the sand martins which make yard-long tunnels when they nest, besides the puffins and shearwaters and stock doves that utilize the holes made by rabbits, there is a burrowing parrot (*Stringops*) in Australia which has given up flight altogether. Associated with this strange new departure there is a loss of the keel on the breastbone — the keel to which the muscles of flight are in part attached in ordinary birds. It is strongly developed in birds of powerful flight; it is absent in the flightless running birds; and we find it difficult to answer the evolutionist's conundrum: Did the burrowing parrot lose its keel because it took to burrowing, or did it take to burrowing because it was losing its keel?

What strikes us first in regard to burrowing mammals is that the habit has been resorted to over and over again by different types. There is the so-called marsupial mole of Australia; there are insectivores, like the archaic golden mole of Africa, the scallops of North America, and the common mole of Europe; there are rodents like the prairie dogs of North America, the viscachas of South America and the spalax of Europe.

A second fact that stands out is that these diverse mammalian burrowers have a good deal in common — a cylindrical shape, short strong limbs, short soft fur, a short tail or none, an absence of projecting ear trumpet, and small or degenerate eyes. In other words, the burrowing mammals show similar adaptations to similar conditions of life. To

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suppose that burrowing mammals lost their ear trumpet or pinna as the direct consequence of burrowing — rubbing it off, as it were, in the course of many generations, would be to take a very rough-and-ready view of evolution. The size of the ear is a variable character, as we see among ourselves; the probability is that those burrowers who varied in the direction of small ear trumpets, and then none, would get on better than those with prominent ear trumpets — which would be likely to become scratched and sore. The small-eared variants would gradully become the type of the race. There is an important calculation made by Professor Punnett, that if in a population of animals there were 0.001 per cent of a new variety, and if that variety had even a five per cent selection advantage over the original form, the latter would almost completely disappear in less than a hundred generations. Apart from the risk involved in ear trumpets that would tend to become sore, and apart from the fact that big flaps would be in the way when it is important to reduce friction, it should be noticed that the use of the ear trumpet is to collect the waves of sound in the air and aid in their localization, and that this purpose could not be served underground. We see the donkey moving his long ear without moving his head; we move our head without moving our ear; therefore our ear trumpet is small compared with the donkey's.

Animals have sought out many inventions, and one of the most original is to the credit of the larva of the ant lion. The adult is an elusive flying insect, distantly related to dragon flies; the larva is a burrower of sorts. In sandy places it moves round and round backward and excavates a funnel-shaped pitfall about the size of an ordinary watch and about an inch deep. At the foot of this widely open shallow funnel the ant lion hides itself with the sharp tips of its jaws slightly projecting. Inquisitive ants come to explore the pitfall; they lose their footing on the treacherous slope; they tumble down and are seized by the ant lion, who sucks the sparse juices of their body.

A common sight by the side of the great Corniche road and in similar places in France and Italy is the lid of the shaft excavated by the trapdoor spider. The lid is often about the size of a franc; it is made of well-baked salivated earth and is externally just like the surrounding soil; it works on a well-finished silken hinge and when it is shut it is flush with the surface of the ground. When our eye gets accustomed to detect the circles we may, without moving, see half a dozen of these lids right in front of us on the sloping bank by the wayside. In some cases when we bend the lid open on its silken hinge we see three or four pin-prick holes on its under surface, and it is into these that the spider inserts her claws when she shuts the door after her. This is rather interesting, for the holes must be made while the earthen lid is still soft. The shaft sinks for six inches or so into the ground; its wall is smoothly plastered; there is sometimes a side-passage with a silken curtain hanging over it. And what is it all for? It is made by the female trapdoor spider — shaft-sinker, plasterer, and first hinge-maker — as a safe hiding-place for the bunch of eggs and safe nursery for the young.

Of the strange company, with this in common, that they inhabit the underworld, Mr. Edmund Blunden gives us a glimpse in his incomparable fashion: —

I am the god of things that burrow and creep,
Slowworms and glowworms, mouldwarps working late,
Emmets and lizards, hollow-haunting toads,
Adders and effets, ground-wasps ravenous;
After his kind the weasel does me homage,
And even surly badger and brown fox
Are faithful in a thousand things to me.

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BACK TO NATURE — AN EXPERIMENT THAT FAILED. II

BY WILHELM RHENIUS

From *Vorwärts, December* 2–15
(Berlin Conservative Socialist Daily)

From now on I shall quote from my diary: —

September 11: We are nearing our destination in a little steam launch towing a canoe, which we have bought and in which we have loaded our scanty effects, some provisions, tools, a tent, and a settler's other necessities. The passengers include fourteen hens, Rats, and the canary.

The impressiveness of the scenery, and above all the loneliness and stillness of the landscape, overpower us. The great river is bordered on both sides by gloomy, silent, unbroken forests. Here certainly is peace and unspoiled nature. Toward evening our little launch pauses at our destination, where we unload our tiny cargo on the bank. We seat ourselves among our belongings, and silently watch our last tie with civilization steam away. The launch curves slowly down the river, whistles a shrill farewell, and disappears, a tiny speck behind a distant bend. We have got what we wanted. We are alone. None the less, Madam Louisa, sitting on her basket-trunk, bows her head and weeps into the furry coat of her little terrier. We men feel a clutching at the heart, but soon shake ourselves and begin to clear a space for the tent. It is already growing dark. While we are chopping and cutting away the thicket, Madam Louisa dries her tears and watches us with a touch of sympathy in her glance. Suddenly we hear a rustle in the dry leaves — a snake or something. The Doctor jumps back with a little exclamation, and I observe for the first time that in spite of his theories, he is afraid of reptiles.

Madam Louisa sits pale and silent on her basket-trunk, and Rats barks savagely.

I encourage the doctor to keep on and he does so, looking anxiously about him all the time. Finally, we get a space cleared. Now for the tent poles. We have to cut them. By the time we have brought them out of the woods, it is already dark, and Madam Louisa helps us by lighting the lantern.

Putting up a tent! It sounds so easy, so jolly, so sportsman-like. But our impatient and clumsy hands fumble futilely over the canvas bundle, trying to find which is the top, which the rear, and which the front. All by the dim light of a lantern in the hands of a nervous woman! When we finally get the thing just about untangled, Madam Louisa, with a start, turns the lantern toward the forest, where some night bird had just given a melancholy call. This leaves us in darkness and all our work has to be done over.

At last, however, the tent is ready, — a miserably shaky thing, — looking remarkably like a wrecked airplane. We put the most necessary articles inside, not forgetting the canary bird, and find they fill the tent almost full. There is just enough room left for Madam Louisa to sleep.

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'Now,' sighs the Doctor, his good spirits quite restored, 'we'll have a bit to eat and a cup of tea.' His wife looks at him hesitatingly, swinging the lantern, and says: 'How, man? What about fuel?' So taking the lantern we go in search of dry wood.

We stumble around in the forest, become entangled in tough vines, and finally the lantern and I plunge head foremost over a fallen log, and the light is extinguished. However, we really do quite as well without it, and soon each of us has an armful of wood. We try to make a fire, but it will not burn, until, defying the doctor's protest, I apply petroleum, and we soon have a cheerful blaze.

At my own inspiration, I erect a contrivance of sticks to hold a kettle of water over the fire. While the kettle is boiling, Madam Louisa cuts strips of bacon, and the doctor sets about frying it under the kettle. As we watch him with profound interest, suddenly there is a crack, a hissing, a flash of flame, and a puff of stifling smoke. My contrivance of sticks has burned through, and the kettle of water has fallen into the fire. All intelligent cooks know that frying bacon and boiling water are as irreconcilable as sin and virtue. In this case, the water has the better of it and the bacon has vanished in the confusion.

Madam Louisa can eat nothing in any case and has crept into the tent. We men have nibbled gloomily at a couple of biscuits, taken a quiet drink together, and now lie courting sleep under the stars.

Soon the Doctor is snoring so loudly that he seems to jar the very forest. This, together with the mosquitoes, keeps me awake. I stare at the dull silver surface of the river and the dark line which marks its opposite bank. Some night bird sings through the scale in a complaining voice. Occasionally there is a crackling in the forest or a fish jumps out of the water. Finally I, too, sink in slumber.

A rumpus, a half-stifled woman's cry, and the furious barking of our little dog, startle me from my sleep, with my heart in my mouth. I feel for the Doctor. He has gone. I hastily light the lantern. The frightened cries and the barking continue, accompanied now by an unintelligible growling sound. I hasten over and discover the Doctor tangled up in one of the guy ropes of the tent, which has collapsed. Madam Louisa's smothered appeals for help can be heard under the canvas. I gather from them that she imagines her trusted husband is a tiger. Rats continues to bark so violently, that I fancy he, too, takes the Doctor's soothing explanations for the growling of a beast of prey. I liberate the Doctor; and the two of us together set up the tent and release its buried inmates. The explanation is, that the Doctor, happening to awake, saw in the starlight a frog of first calibre hopping toward him. He hastily took flight, stumbled over the guy rope, and precipitated his two hundred pounds upon the fragile structure of the tent.

After things are again in order, we build another fire and drink a cup of coffee to steady our nerves. By this time, the first streaks of dawn are in the East, and with the rising sun, the canary bird begins to sing.

September 12: To-day we expect our former guide, Pedro, to come with a horse which we bought in the town, and which he is bringing around by the trail. We feel that a horse is necessary, in case some emergency requires us to communicate immediately with the nearest settlement. Our canoe — a mere dugout without a keel — might serve for that purpose were we bold enough to face the rapids, snags, and other perils of river nagivation in it.

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Pedro has assured us that we can keep a horse in the forest, feeding him with palm leaves. I, privately, doubt whether a horse will really thrive on this decorative foliage, and whether such provender may not ultimately appear to him appropriate only for the sole purpose for which it seems designed in my own eyes — to lay on a coffin. However, the Doctor has reminded me of palm salad and I hold my peace.

After breakfast we set about moving to the little clearing farther from the shore, where we intend to erect our cabin. It has been no light task to transfer all our property and our tent, even this short distance. We might have managed it better, if it were not so sultry, and if certain insects were less attentive. We suffered especially from a little biting fly, to which Pedro has later given us a more formal introduction. This pernicious insect seems to consider us a welcome imported delicacy, and hovers around us in swarms. There is also a bee-like little fly, that clings stickily to us, and allows us to kill him by thousands rather than part with our companionship. This insect does not bite, but simply crawls around upon our necks and faces. By noon we have completed our migration, and Madam Louisa has prepared our midday meal — dried meat and rice.

Unhappy lady. She is badly bitten and has wrapped her head in a cloth for protection, so that only her nose protrudes. We find the little sticky flies scattered all through our rice, and learn that they have a most peculiar flavor. Moreover, it is fearfully hot inside the tent.

After eating, the Doctor has stretched out for a nap in the corner, and is successfully defying all the efforts of our biting insects to keep him awake. How I envy him this ability!

After Madam Louisa has cleaned up the dinner things, she opens a little box, and with an embarrassed smile and a guarded glance at her snoring husband, brings out the 'makings' of a maté. I have to try it, and after a couple of sips find it most refreshing. In fact, I don't recall ever in my life experiencing such a grateful stimulation as this bitter drink produces. We drink and drink, glancing aside now and then at the Doctor. I begin to pity him from my heart. Madam Louisa and I are both feeling prime, and confident that we'll make a success of this adventure yet.

Toward evening Pedro arrives on horseback, leading our steed behind him. We sit around our camp fire until late at night, talking about the cabin we shall build. The dictionary has played an important rôle in our conversation. Madam Louisa knows what is fitting for the occasion and again serves maté. 'Where'd you learn that?' asks the astounded Doctor. Madam Louisa drinks hers behind his back, and later retires under her mosquito netting. There are too many mosquitoes to permit us to sleep, until Pedro brings some decayed wood and piles it upon the fire. Protected by this stifling smudge we pass the night.

September 13: This has been a day of active building. First we erect a temporary shelter of palm leaves as sleeping-quarters for the Doctor and myself. Our talented Pedro then builds the foundations for an oven, while the Doctor and I begin to build a henhouse of our own inspirational design. I suggest that we should consult Pedro, but the Doctor thinks that we might as well make ourselves independent of outside instruction at once. We have a confused idea that we should begin by setting up four corner posts and set out with our brand-new axes to chop down a tree for that purpose. Selecting one of moderate size, the Doctor gives it

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a blow with his axe that would have stunned an ox. However, the axe sinks into a projecting root and it is with extreme difficulty that we get it out again.

Then I try my hand and my first stroke glances off. The next time, however, I drive it into the tree. I put the three successive strokes into the tree, each about a foot from the other, after which I have to pause exhausted.

By this time, the Doctor has taken off his coat and vest. Gritting his teeth he hacks at the tree, chopping away the bark promiscuously from the ground to a height of about a yard. When he cannot hit higher, he starts again at the bottom. He does not follow this procedure by design, but his berserker energy simply chances to take that direction.

I spell him off, and we work at that tree alternatingly until Madam Louisa calls us to dinner. The tree is still, to all appearances, as solid as ever.

On our way back to the tent, we come upon a fallen log which seems to us exactly suited for our purpose, and are angry with ourselves for wasting so much time and energy on our mature forest monarch. This log is as heavy as iron and we laboriously lug it with us to where Pedro and Madam Louisa stand admiring a nearly finished oven. Just as we come up to them, we stumble, and the heavy timber slips from our shoulders and wrecks the fragile clay structure. Madame Louisa exclaims indignantly: 'Oh, you clumsies!' Pedro murmurs something about *pavos*, which luckily we do not understand, and sits down irritated on a log. After dinner is over, we have some difficulty restoring his good humor, but we finally induce him to help us build our henhouse.

Since Pedro says it is still too dry to plant Indian corn, we decide to devote the afternoon to hunting and fishing, in order to add variety to our larder. Rats accompanies us.

The forest seems devoid of life, and it is a terrible task to force our way through its thick undergrowth. We thought of this too late to bring a machete. Finally Rats flushes a little partridge-like curassow, which rises almost in our faces. We shoot quickly and find a shred of flesh with feathers on it. This is the result of using No. 4 shot at five paces. Rats promptly bolts this remnant.

We trudge on for a long time without further incident. Suddenly we are brought to a stop by a harsh cry in a neighboring tree top. Two magnificent, long-tailed, red and blue araras are swinging in the branches. Each of us takes aim and fires. One of the birds flies away. The other remains hanging head-down from a limb. We wait for him to fall, but he still hangs. We must have him. How delighted Madam Louisa would be with his magnificent feathers. Each of us fires four or five times at the branch from which he is suspended, but without success.

This seems enough forest hunting, so we hasten back to the clearing to try our luck at fishing. Since we cannot get a bite from the shore, we take the canoe and paddle upstream a short distance toward a sand bar. Before we reach it our little craft grounds on another bar just below the surface of the water. We try to paddle off, but don't succeed. Then we get out and push, with no better success. We tug and pull until we are exhausted. Clouds are gathering. We hear the roll of distant thunder. A storm is coming. Suddenly a south wind springs up and in a moment, the temperature falls at least ten degrees. A cold, driving rain comes up the river, raising quite a sea. In two minutes we are wet to the skin. Rats whines and whimpers pitifully.

After about a hour, the storm passes

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over and we make another effort to get off the bar. This time we succeed. When we reach shore it is almost dark. Madam Louisa is so delighted to have us back, that she forgets to lament our poor success.

We crawl gloomily into our palm shelter to change our clothes. When we empty our pockets we find thirteen empty cartridges. The Doctor looks at them a moment and comments: 'An unlucky day.'

Just then Madam Louisa overhears us and adds: 'Yes, an unlucky day. We've lost a hen.'

'There are thirteen alive,' I observe.

'What day of the month is it?' asks the Doctor casually, as he ties his shoes.

'The thirteenth,' I say, with a laugh.

'Naturally, the thirteenth,' he echoes, laughing hollowly, and tossing his wet canvas slippers into the corner.

September 14: Pedro suggests that we build the henhouse, for which he has gathered the necessary materials, according to his design, so that we can get to work upon our cabin. It looks to us as though he were tired of our enterprise and wanted to get home as soon as possible. He goes in the woods with his axe to secure a suitable piece of timber for posts, and we potter around the henhouse. The Doctor begins to complain of a headache. Soon he has a serious chill and has to drop work and creep into his sleeping-place. Madam Louisa is greatly worried, tucks him in with blankets, and gives him at his direction a strong dose of quinine. He does not wish me to stop work on his account, and so I keep on, but I lack the spirit for it. I can see Madam Louisa by the bedside of her fever-stricken husband, now and then secretly wiping away her tears with her pocket handkerchief. It is very pathetic.

Soon Pedro comes to have me help him bring out the timber. I speak of the Doctor's illness, whereupon he shakes his head ominously and says: '*Chucho*.' He takes a look at the sick man, tells him to keep up his courage, and recommends several things which I know the Doctor will never do. The Doctor has his theories about sickness and would gladly die for them. I help Pedro bring in his timbers, a task that half kills me, and take another look at the Doctor.

He has a very high temperature and talks ramblingly. He asks me, in the midst of his fevered hallucinations, to get him fifty pfennigs' worth of sodium carbonate at the nearest drug store, and to tell his colleagues, Pennemann and Rübstiel, that he will not be able to join them in a game to-night.

Madam Louisa breaks down and sobs, and I go to finish my work. I am so restless that, in spite of my fatigue, I wander around the clearing. It is almost noon, the loneliest hour of the day, in the most forlorn and God-forsaken place I have ever seen. And a leaden silence broods over the forest. Not a birdcall, not a sound is to be heard.

Standing in the midst of the clearing in the burning midday sun, I ponder over a fallen, half-charred tree trunk, imagining how fine it would be if a jolly apothecary had a shop just across the brook, and if Pennemann and Rübstiel were to stroll out of the forest, arm in arm. Dreaming of these things I go back to keep Pedro company at his midday meal. During the afternoon, I work on the henhouse, and occasionally help in building the cabin.

Toward evening, the Doctor's fever leaves him, but he is still very weak. I miss three other hens, but keep this discovery to myself.

September 15: The Doctor is again about and has started to plant corn. Pedro advises him to use a sharpened

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stick to make holes for the grain, but the Doctor shakes his head and takes a hoe. He has a dreadful time with roots and stumps, and chops away at them angrily, but finally he gets the corn planted.

This evening the frame of the house is up. All that is lacking is the thatch and walls. The henhouse is also half completed. We have lost more hens. Madam Louisa has discovered the fact and is in despair. There are only six left. She keeps them shut up in the box in which we brought them.

September 16, *Sunday:* Pedro left early this morning with the canoe, paddling up the river to a place where he can get good thatching-straw. The Doctor does not feel well, and Madam Louisa is badly worried. He is certainly not standing it well here, and has had a repetition of his attack of two days ago. I have to take care of the horses during Pedro's absence. The poor animals are tethered near the edge of the forest, where they can browse on the reeds and shrubbery. They look very discouraged. Our horse is particularly dreamy and melancholy. No wonder! They have to fight flies all day and blood-sucking bats all night, and doubtless are homesick, dreaming of their fine prairie meadows. I give them each a ration of palm leaves and sit down to watch them eat. Having nothing else to do, I think of a name for our horse, and decide to call him Jeremiah. Then I return to our cabin and endeavor to kill the long afternoon drinking maté with Madam Louisa.

It has been a sad Sunday. Our only reminder of the day is the sheet in the calendar. If we should forget to tear off a sheet now and then, we shall lose all track of the days. As I contemplate this possibility, the future looks to me like a monotonous, endless vista of calendar tags. I think of the melancholy travelers' song they sing in this country: —

> Trees to the right and trees to the left,
> And spaces in between them.

September 17: The Doctor is again feeling all right. The first evidence of this fact is his letting loose our carefully imprisoned hens. We work away on the henhouse. Pedro should be back about noon with the material for our thatch. Madam Louisa has sore feet. Little swellings appear which will not heal. I am beginning to suffer from the same malady.

Pedro has returned with the straw, and we carry the bundles up to the clearing. Then he helps us to finish our henhouse. By evening it is ready. When we hunt for our hens, where they ordinarily roost, in order to put them in their new lodging, only the rooster is left. All the others have disappeared in the stomach of a wildcat or Heaven knows what. We put the rooster into his lonely castle and hardly know whether to pity him or ourselves the most. Our dreams of omelets and fried chicken fade away, and Madam Louisa cries as though her heart would break.

September 18: Pedro is perched on the roof, thatching. I am helping him. The Doctor is down with another chill. We have reconciled ourselves to the idea that he will have them each alternate day. Madam Louisa limps around on her swollen feet and nurses him. She makes no complaint, but I begin to detect furrows of suffering on her face.

The heat is intense, and the flies almost intolerable. Pedro seems surly. He does not get along well with his work. He has something on his mind. In the evening we learn what it is. He wants to go home for three or four days, ostensibly to attend some family festival, at which there are a dozen imperative reasons for his presence. We all

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fancy that he wants to leave us for good and all. He apparently figures out that he has earned the advance which we paid him on his wages, and being a jolly young fellow he naturally is eager to get out of the forest, and away from our melancholy society. Our suspicions are strengthened by the fact that, if he had any intention of returning, he would ask us for a new advance. The roof is hardly half finished.

September 19: When we got up this morning, Pedro had vanished. We cherish no hope that he will return. Although we are rather irritated with him, we feel as bereft as though a whole regiment had marched silently forth from our clearing. His absence makes a yawning gap in our little circle at breakfast. We feel deserted. Jeremiah feels deserted. And there is no doubt whatever that our rooster feels the same.

I persuade the Doctor to help me with the thatching. I have learned something of the art from Pedro, but unhappily too little. Although we let enough straw fall between the roof poles to make nests for all the sparrows in the world, we had enough left, according to our estimate that evening, when the roof was nearly done, to cover an extra shed.

September 20: The Doctor is determined to make an effort to break his fever by a long walk, and, after a cup of morning coffee, hastens down the trail through the forest. Madam Louisa begs me to accompany him, which I naturally do. The roof is left to take care of itself. Possibly she fears her husband will have an attack of fever and hunt for his old card companions in the forest until he cannot find his way back.

We have not been gone more than fifteen minutes, when a shriek of terror from our camp brings us to a sudden stop. Turning around, we retrace our steps on the run. It is Madam Louisa's voice. She meets us halfway, panting and stammering: 'Indians!' We hurry on ahead of her. Three of these new visitors are in front of our tent, — little people, — greeting us with a broad grin. One could put their entire wardrobe in one's vest pocket. Each carries an immense bow, six feet long, and a quiver of pretty arrows, four feet long. One of them seems of higher rank than the other, for he has a tiny clay pipe hung around his neck. It is a puzzle where he carries enough tobacco for it.

We survey these strangers with childlike curiosity. The Doctor, whose chill is coming on again, cannot deny himself the pleasure of playing something to them on his little music box. They indicate to us, in pantomime, that they have come to trade. Naturally, they wish to buy the music box. We put them off, however, by presenting the chief with a nightshirt, about a foot too long for him, and a traveling cap. We also present trifles to the other two, and give each a corn cake left over from our breakfast. In return they present us with a bow and arrows and the clay pipe. They are extremely well satisfied, hang around a short time, and then trot off nibbling at their corn cakes. His Majesty, clad in the nightshirt and traveling cap, is the last one visible as they disappear into the forest.

The Doctor is now shivering undisturbed under his blankets. Madam Louisa timidly examines the bow and arrows. She has not yet recovered from her fright, and evidently is afraid that the Indians may be less friendly on a second visit. We try to convince her that they are perfectly harmless, and I clamber on the roof, determined to finish the thatch. I succeed, and have a lot of straw left over.

Since the sick man is occupying the tent, and the palm hut is a rather cramped place to sleep, I transfer my

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quarters to the new cabin. To be sure, it has no walls, but it has a roof for which I am mainly responsible.

As I write up my diary by the dim light of a lantern, before dropping off to sleep, I gaze reflectively upward and see a star peeking slyly down at me from above. It is a very brilliant star and I ponder which one it may be. Then it suddenly occurs to me that it is quite an achievement — even for a star of first magnitude — to shine through a thatched roof.

Thereupon, I send upward, through my transparent roof, a fervent prayer that it may not rain, at least to-night.

CHARLES DICKENS

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

[This essay is Mr. Chesterton's Presidential Address to the members of the Dickens Fellowship, delivered at Connaught Rooms, London, on the occasion of his election to the Presidency.]

From the *Dickensian, January*
(QUARTERLY OF THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP)

ON an occasion like this, of a social and festive nature, it would be natural, I think, in the ordinary course of things, to consider the great man whose name is our title, chiefly in relation to those great festive gatherings, and that great humane spirit which he shows in English literature; and whatever degree of attention it is possible to pay to it, it is certainly the thing which should be considered first, and without which any kind of criticism of Dickens is futile. The festive mood, the social spirit, when it really for a time achieves human happiness, is a thing that has been very rarely presented in literature. There are all sorts of shades of melancholy, which have been most delicately dealt with by the artistic geniuses of all ages. Blue devils, so to speak, are of every shade of blue, from sky-blue to that variety cultivated by the German professors, which might fairly be called 'Prussian blue!' But that red firelight of direct human happiness has been very seldom in any way successfully indicated, even by men of the greatest creative genius. There are only a very few instances of it which are successful, I think, and nearly all those instances are in Dickens. I will not say that the modern novelists, the earnest, scientific, psychological novelists, do not describe happiness, for I suppose they do not try. Possibly they have no happiness to describe! But it is, I think, instructive to notice how almost all attempts to describe man in a condition of spiritual satisfaction, save in very rare and wonderful single lines of great poetry, generally fail. We are all acquainted, for instance, with that class of literature which describes Utopias, or perfect social conditions in the future; and I think that most people will agree with me when I say that the effect of reading the account of any perfect social state is to fill the soul with the

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sick and fiercest reaction, in which one feels that, rather than live for half an hour in such a society, one would consent to go on living even amid the vulgar and servile sweating and scheming of a corrupt Capitalism under which we do live!

It is the same in those higher spheres, in which literary men and other great poets and great prophets have attempted the description of happiness. It has had exactly the same effect as a rule — an effect of reaction. The habit of painting pictures, particularly in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, modern pictures of angels in bleached wings and white nightgowns, and so on, has always had, I think, upon most people, the effect that it produced in the Byronic reaction — a general literary enthusiasm for praising hell, and describing devils as noble and generous people, and generally celebrating an infernal condition, the attractions of which I believe to be very much overrated.

I say, therefore, that it is very, very rare that that particular note of the human spirit, at once singing and at rest, has been achieved in literature, but it has sometimes been achieved by that great Englishman whom we are met to glorify. It is a very English characteristic, because, though the English cannot write about happiness any more than anybody else, I do think that there is a sort of atmosphere and heaven of happiness in English literature from Chaucer downward, and perhaps before. It runs through the Robin Hood ballads and innumerable passages of imaginary prose, and it culminates, as I say, in a certain spirit in Dickens. You do feel that when Kit and his family went to the theatre, that they did enjoy themselves. As I say, it is a small thing, to all appearance, but it is an achievement in which one may say that Dante failed!

When one considers that aspect of Dickens, one feels that it is the proper aspect to insist upon, or, at any rate, to begin upon, in any such meeting of our fellowship as this. But the kind of entertainment which it is possible to provide on these occasions is upon a very much lower level; as, for example, this glass of water is upon a very much lower moral level than that with which Dickens's characters were in the habit of regaling themselves! It is impossible for us to entertain you in the manner in which the Cratchit family, let us say, celebrated Christmas. I am the only substitute or approximation to a pudding which can be put before you this evening! And, unfortunately, the spectacle of a journalist making a fool of himself is not so entirely fresh and novel to you as, say, a theatrical performance was to the Nubbles family!

But when we have — I will not say, done justice to, but — very inadequately indicated that supreme social characteristic in Dickens's works, it is well, perhaps, to correct a tendency to overstate that, or, rather, to understate the other corresponding aspect of his work. Dickens was — I will not say, although a happy man, but rather because a happy man — a very pugnacious man. Indeed, I think an optimist who is not pugnacious is the most depressing person in the world! If a man cannot enjoy a fight, he cannot enjoy anything, and the kind of philosophical optimist, the serene Buddhistic, calm, smiling optimist, who approves of all things and accepts all things — well, there is nothing to be done with him except to hit him a thundering crack on the nose and see whether he accepts that!

Now, Dickens had this other aspect, as I say, of pugnacity, of reforming vileness, and, above all, of satire; and the satire marks, perhaps, the peculiarly challenging character of his work all over the world. It represents, for in-

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stance, the whole of that question which has often been discussed, of his relations to America. When I was in New York in the early months of this year, I am happy to say that I attended a very delightful meeting of our fellowship in that city, where I can only say that no conceivable English meeting could have been more enthusiastic than was that American meeting, for the author of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. As a matter of fact, what Dickens did in relation to America is very much what he did in relation to England. There is a curious sort of impression, to judge from some people's criticism of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and of the *American Notes*, which seems to suggest that Dickens described America as a kind of lunatic asylum, full of criminal lunatics like Hannibal Chollop and Jefferson Brick; while he was, at the same time, describing England as an island of innocence, a happy world consisting entirely of poor and ardent beings like Mr. Pecksniff and Jonas Chuzzlewit, and Chevy Slyme, and Montague Tigg! Now I think that even those Englishmen who consider that Dickens's satire against America was deserved, or even those Englishmen who think that something of the evils against which that satire was directed still remain in America, even such Englishmen may very reasonably look at home for any field of reform, or for the application of the moral truths of Dickens. When we have got rid of all our Pecksniffs, it will be time to ask the Americans to get rid of all their Jefferson Bricks! And I am not going to give a list of the Pecksniffs whom it might be well to get rid of, though, as Mr. Pecksniff himself observed, 'A suitable opportunity now offers!'

But I will remark that there is practically no difference, so far as that mere enumeration of fantastic or despicable characters is concerned, between the England and the America of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. The truth is that Dickens did something to England and to America which is far more valuable and far more practical for the real purpose of uniting two peoples than most of the vague and verbose eulogy that has appeared upon both. I do not know whether what I say is calculated in any way to chill the political enthusiasm of others, but I must frankly confess that I have very seldom listened to any of those wonderful, statesmanlike, diplomatic speeches about how impartially we all love the Czechoslovaks or whoever it may be, without feeling my genuine enthusiasm for the Czechoslovaks, which I now say is at boiling point, to sink almost to zero! Whenever I hear the formal eulogy, and an assertion of the friendship of two nations, a horrible, phantom echo seems to come to me of some speech by Mr. Pecksniff! I do not know that the utterances of the statesmen or diplomatists are insincere; I think in some cases they are prompted sincerely, but the very medium that is employed, the extreme difficulty of praising anything except in the form of a poetical ode which most politicians are not ready to produce on the spur of the moment, gives something unreal and almost spectral to the whole of that expression of social unity.

Now, what Dickens did to unite the two peoples was to make them laugh at each other. He satirizes both of them, but by satirizing his own people he showed that he was doing it impartially; he showed that what he satirized was common human folly and weakness, and, therefore, as I can myself testify from my experience in America, his satire has left no kind of bitterness whatever in the attitude of that democracy towards that great democrat.

Now, when a great satirist, and one so powerful as Dickens, also so popular, attacks the snobberies or the prigishness of this world, this world gener-

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ally has a more or less subconscious tendency to escape from the satire. Some fact or other is always insisted on, or some fancy is indulged in, which will rob the satirist, to some extent, of his intellectual authority. I need not point out that this has been so from the beginning of the world; the prophets have been called madmen; everyone insisted that Dante was glum and bitter and savage. A more plausible case is that of that very great man Swift. A vast amount of Swift's satire is now very unjustly neglected, because of the tradition on which his enemies so much insist — that he was a very misanthrope and madman raving at all mankind.

Now, when the world was confronted with the searching and even scourging satire of which Dickens was capable, the world, in its unconscious self-defense, was in a difficulty. It was obviously difficult to maintain that the author of the account of the Dingley Dell Cricket Match was an unsmiling and glum figure like Dante! It was very difficult to maintain that the author of *A Christmas Carol* was a maniac or misanthrope hating all mankind! Therefore, the existence of that hypocritical spirit in society, which always seeks to protect itself, consciously and unconsciously, tended toward another explanation. It created and fixed permanently the opinion which says that Dickens was only a caricaturist; he made an absolutely unreal world, fantastic and fascinating indeed, but unlike the world in which we live — he was an inventor of goblins and elves and fairies! In other words, all Dickens's criticisms were to some extent blunted by the theory that anything he said was to be taken as a kind of glorious and amusing lie. In defining that theory, it is well on our side to maintain measure and common sense. As Sir Thomas More said: 'Never was the heretic yet who spoke all false,' and there is in that criticism an element of truth, as in the other criticisms directed against other reformers. It is perfectly true, for that matter, that Dante was a man of glum temperament. It is perfectly true that Swift was a man of morbid sensibility, and of a terrible trend toward depression. And it is perfectly true that Dickens's type of art, his mode of expressing himself, was of the fantastic sort; that his literary style was exuberant rather than restrained. But what people always leave out in those rough-and-ready estimates of this great man was a small, not unimportant thing called 'truth itself'! The things that Swift said about Government, about law, about the great, about the weak society of his day, then at the height of its glory — the things he said were indeed said by a bitter and morbid, even an insane man. But the things he said happened to be most of them true. The criticism which he made of the early eighteenth century and that corrupt oligarchy which has left so many of its evils behind it, were in themselves virile and noble criticisms of an evil state of society.

In the same way, it is perfectly true that Dickens had running through his whole work an indistinct element of exaggeration, but that exaggeration is itself exaggerated. He exaggerated in the same fashion that all poets and artists of a certain somewhat flamboyant type always do emphasize or overemphasize certain things. He exaggerated in literature as Turner, for instance, exaggerated in painting — another great Englishman full of very much the same kind of highly colored energy and imagination. You all know the old story about Turner and the realistic critic. It is a chestnut, but it is the business of these solemn occasions to repeat stories for the thousandth time: the story of the man who, when Turner was painting a sunset, said to

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him: 'It is all very well, Mr. Turner, but I never saw a sunset like that!' And Turner said: 'Don't you wish you could?' That story above quoted is embodying the case against realism, but, as a matter of fact, it embodies something else as well. It is not only an argument against realism, but it is the real proper restraint upon imagination. Turner recognized that while an artist may make up something that does not exist in the real world, it is his business to make up something that the human spirit desires to imagine. In other words, simple and hackneyed as the form is, it is not only the business of the artist to create, but also to please. If you consider the large amount of modern realistic and psychological fiction, just as if you consider the very large amount of modern art, I think you will be inclined to hesitate about whether the artist can claim even the attraction of Turner's sunset. When you read about somebody who says: 'Never in the course of all my rambles through country churchyards have I ever come upon a tombstone with an inscription like that of Mrs. Sapsea,' in these circumstances, it is perfectly legitimate to reply: 'Don't you wish you could?' If a person says that he thinks any particular character, even such as the most expansive characters in the very earliest books, such as — well, I won't say Dick Swiveller, because I think he has a perfect right to live — but any of the most expansive of his figures, say Mr. Dowler, for instance, that swagger through the admirable reminiscences of Pickwick; if anyone says of those: 'I never met a man like that,' it is legitimate to say: 'Don't you wish you could?'

But if you read one of these slow, careful, modern stories, which describe the gradual development of some young lady — how she fell in love with the drawing-master, and had a strange inward feeling that she wished to hammer drawing-pins into his head, or something of that kind — you all know that delicate description of human feeling which is so common in fiction, when you read about that young lady, and say: 'I never met a young lady of that kind,' it is not possible for the artist to reply: 'Don't you wish you could?' On the contrary, if he did say: 'Don't you wish you could?' you would have the obvious answer: 'I thank God I can't!'

As a matter of fact, I may say, in conclusion, that the charge of Dickens's exaggeration is exaggerated. A vast amount of Dickens is far more realistic than most modern realistic fiction; practically the whole of the last two or three novels, for instance, are packed full of facts which are so true, facts about politics and high society, which are so true that you are not even now allowed to print them in the newspapers. It would be much truer to say that Dickens fills his pages with stories of real life, the names being merely altered, than to say that what he depicted was exaggeration, and impossible. And if it is true, as some say, that he stands out of that Victorian Age as a kind of ridiculous pantaloon decked out in fantastic clothes, and that people count him with Thackeray and Trollope, I think the very reverse is the case. I have a great admiration for Thackeray and Trollope and those other great pantaloons; but I think it was they who were deceived. It was they who were under the delusions; it was they who were hoodwinked by fables and fictions, many of which, though not all, have now passed away. But the man who really saw our society as it is, was Charles Dickens.

Well, it is a very old story. In all times, people have had that illusion which the people of what I may call with every respectful intention the Thackeray epoch, held, the illusion that the fashions and forms of their

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own time were all eternal. I think to Thackeray the figure of a perfect man of the world like Major Pendennis appeared to him to be, as it were, a central type of citizen. If you were to look at their costumes now, or even their manners, I venture to think that Major Pendennis would look quite as fantastic as Mr. Turveydrop.

But that, as I say, is an old story, and an old moral, and one that it never required even this great man to teach us — that it is the genius that creates which remains, that it is the spirit of man, the imagination which is a part of our immortality which abides, and that it is the fashion of this world that passes away.

'DROSERA CANNIBALIS'

BY RENÉ MOROT

[*M. Morot's fantastic tale has a basis in fact. Plants of the genus* drosera, *like the more familiar Venus's fly-trap* (dionæa muscipula) *of our own woods, have actually the power of capturing insects that alight on their sensitive leaves, specialized for the purpose, and then absorbing them. Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose, to whom reference is made in the course of the tale, is, of course, the celebrated Hindu botanist, now head of the Bose Research Institute and a Fellow of the Royal Society, famous for his researches into plant movement and response, and for the invention of extraordinarily delicate pieces of apparatus, notable among them being his 'crescograph,' an instrument capable of recording plant growth at the rate of one hundred-thousandth of an inch a second.*]

From *Mercure de France, December* 15
(Clerical Conservative Monthly)

I do not know why anyone should try to cast doubt on the death of Professor Hartenstatter, the celebrated botanist, for I am myself perfectly qualified to prove that it actually took place. The great botanist has not merely disappeared; he is really dead. I saw him while he was dying, and again when he was dead; and I was one of the two witnesses who signed his death certificate in November 1918, while I was still in the army.

Nobody need doubt that he has disappeared for good. It is necessary to say 'for good' when one talks about the death of a queer scientific enthusiast, who has been reported dead many times when he had simply disappeared; for it was his custom to vanish mysteriously for two or three years at a time, in the virgin forests of Africa or South America, searching for the unknown plants whose discovery and classification had made him the greatest botanist of his day.

You probably remember that Hartenstatter was passionately devoted to the study of carnivorous plants and that he had succeeded in giving some of them a truly monstrous development. In the great greenhouse, forty or fifty feet high, which he had erected near his villa at Rothmunster and into which no one, not even his servant, was

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allowed to go, his growing specimen of *drosera longifolia* attained a height of almost thirty feet, and the distinguished professor insisted that he could produce a growth half again as great in less than two years.

In the notebook in which Hartenstatter summed up his daily observations, I have found jottings that seem like the wildest fantasy, calmly written down with the unconsciousness of the research student whose whole mind is intent on his scalpel's point. Without any considerations of pity, humanity, or morals, Hartenstatter was wholly bent on wresting one more secret from nature; a master executioner torturing his victim in order to extract a confession. He had made all kinds of observations on the growth and movement of the genus *drosera*, plants which, as everyone knows, have the ability to capture the flies and other insects that alight on their leaves, closing over the victims immediately and in a few hours, thanks to the secretion of a very active pepsin, absorbing them wholly without leaving the slightest trace.

For a long time Hartenstatter had devoted himself to stimulating and developing the appetite of one particular giant *drosera* which grew into a tree with enormous branches, and had slowly become capable of absorbing first grasshoppers, then guinea-pigs, then mice, then rabbits, and finally lambs.

In Hartenstatter's notebook there are descriptions, written with an almost fiendish joy, of the slow and complete absorption of animals by these monstrous vegetables; for the botanist notes that the plants have more appetite — it is his own term — for living beings than for dead.

What a triumph when the scientist finally achieved definite proof that these plants are gifted with the power to *see!* Yes, he proved it. The plants do see. It is true that death did not give him time to make out where the organs of vision are located and how they function, but he relates an experiment which he conducted many times, placing a mouse or a guinea-pig under a bell glass behind a screen. The *drosera* never moved. No instinct, no divination, revealed to it the meal within reach of its tentacles. But they stirred and stretched slowly toward it when the screen was taken away and the mysterious organs of vision received their stimulus.

Everyone knows that plants are sensitive to light, that they stretch their branches toward it, appreciate it, love it, but Hartenstatter demonstrated that his *drosera* actually looked around them and, still more, that they did not see in the dark; for the same experiments carried out at night did not cause them to move at all.

'I have proved,' he writes in his notebook, 'that plants look around and see, and I have proved it — as exactly as Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose proved it in his Calcutta laboratory with his ingenious crescograph, which multiplies the least movement thousands of times — that a plant is a small impressionable person, vibrating with various and constant movements. With the needle of his apparatus, Sir Jagadish proved that plants are not the same by day and night, that they have various positions, that they have a special position for sleep. I confirm his discovery when I say that the plants see by day but do not see by night. Plants have senses. We knew long ago that they have sex. This general activity shows how close is the link that unites the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and confirms the kindly thesis of Claude Bernard, who proclaims the common life of all things.'

In noting that his *drosera* seems to prefer to devour living rather than dead animals, Hartenstatter adds that, up to the very minute of their death,

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the victims feel no pain. They do not seem to understand their situation, even when they have already begun to be absorbed by the plant; and each meal of the monster, which seems insatiable, leads within two or three days to an increase in the circumference of the trunk and the length and strength of the boughs and leaves.

One day Hartenstatter, deciding to give a new turn to his researches, brought back from the military hospital, where he went each morning to serve as a surgeon, the hand of a wounded man which had been amputated and which he had cleverly extracted from a heap of surgical débris destined for destruction. The notebook says that his *drosera gigantis* absorbed the hand completely in five hours and forty-eight minutes, and although three times the same weight of food from a rabbit the week before had increased the trunk of the *drosera* only half a millimetre, the human flesh in this experiment increased it about two thirds of a millimetre. Dr. Hartenstatter was triumphant. He had discovered a man-eating plant, *drosera cannibalis!*

From that day on, the horrible doctor used all his astuteness in procuring human flesh, which his official duties made it all too easy for him to obtain. In a few weeks, a question appears in one of his notes. Since the *drosera* prefer living animals to dead ones, might it not be the same with living human flesh? Horrible to relate, on the second of January 1917, Dr. Hartenstatter brought home a baby two months old, which he had stolen in the country, and the notebook adds that the *drosera* absorbed its 'nourishment' even more rapidly than usual. Hartenstatter did not dare to write 'the child,' though he describes the gag that he put on the mouth of his victim who does not seem to have suffered.

Hartenstatter, pen in hand, took notes of all the phases of that infernal meal, and there they stand in his notebook to this day. Unfortunately, many pages were lacking when I found the book, preserved by chance amid the ruins of his dwelling, which had been sacked and burned by a furious mob when his horrible experiments were discovered. But the pages that remain are frightful, although full of daring, almost mad guesses, which may later be confirmed and then declared strokes of genius. Can one read without trembling such a cynical confession as this: 'May 12, 1918. These imbeciles who object to vivisection! What does the disappearance of nine youngsters amount to [for it was now six months after his first crime] when one is wresting such a secret as this from nature! Is she not pitiless herself, nature, our mother, who is also a cruel stepmother? My experiments involve no suffering and are not really cruel. To-day's experiment indicated no pain, even when a third of the body had already disappeared; and now the tentacles are twined about the shoulders, and only the head emerges free. As in the other cases, it is only when a tentacle presses upon the brain that life becomes extinct.

'November 21, 1918, seven o'clock. My experiment to-day is conclusive proof. The child, which had reached more than three years, ought to have been able to understand that he was being absorbed and disappearing, and yet he never uttered a cry, his eyes betrayed no fright. It was not resignation nor anæsthesia, for he felt the prick of a pin in his neck. But plainly there was no agony. I conclude that assimilation into a vegetable organism is a thoroughly normal thing, although not hitherto understood by scientific men — a fact which lends support to my theory of the eventual enslavement of the animal by the vegetable kingdom.

'Animals could be destroyed to-day

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upon our planet and life would continue for some time, but it is childishly obvious that if the vegetable kingdom were to disappear suddenly, the animals would die a few days afterward. The true life of nature is in the vegetable kingdom, whose roots like long and slender antennæ grope through the earth, not merely for chemical materials, but for emanations, radiations, inspirations, and vibrations; waves which sweep out from some mysterious reservoir — of which to this day we know nothing — of psychic matter that feeds our own brains. In the peace of the night, while man's brain is dulled in sleep, the vegetable kingdom, the conscious dominator of the world, breathes over the animal kingdom and especially over man, the great currents of thought that little by little change the thought of the world, currents that, fermenting in one brain or another, ravish with their fantasy the thought that we think free. It is through the vegetable kingdom that our spirits receive the ideas that open to us paradise or that plunge us into the shadows of pessimism. They are tyrants, these great trees that tower above us, despots playing dice with our human destinies.

'November 21. The expression of this child seemed to change. It is too bad that I could not understand what he said. He must have been the child of some Flemish refugees. It is strange that after having cried for ten hours on the way back in the automobile, he should have grown calm and still the moment he was in the power of the *drosera*.

'November 22, four o'clock. I must have gone to sleep for a few moments, after having watched the experiment for twenty-seven hours, for already a branch of the *drosera* is creeping over the face which was free at my last observation.'

But resistance to sleep has its limits. Hartenstatter made one experiment too many. For when, on army business and under military orders, I penetrated into his great greenhouse in spite of the opposition of his terrified servant, I found Dr. Hartenstatter with his head held as if by a vise in the grasp of three enormous branches of his *drosera*. The monstrous plant had already thrust two tentacles under his shirt and they, no doubt, were assimilating the shoulders of the scholar, who had evidently been surprised during his sleep.

When I came in he was wide awake, perfectly able to think, and fully conscious of the danger that threatened him. At the same time, I observed what remained of the body of a poor child, scarcely half of the bloodless face; and knowing that many children had disappeared in the region I understood at a glance the atrocious drama, of which the scientist had been at first the author and then the victim. And so when the doctor begged me to cut the branches of the *drosera* with my sabre, my indignation bade me let his punishment take its course.

Faithful to my military duty — to make a report of everything — I noted down all that I had learned, and went out, taking the key of the door, to consult my military superiors. Unfortunately, during the few moments that this task took, a servant who was more curious and less disciplined than the others got into the greenhouse, I don't know how. He called for help, and the furious people clubbed to death the botanist, held in the vise-like grip of the monster, his pupil. They smashed the greenhouse. They covered over the *drosera* with oil and burned it alive. Among the ruins I found a few pages of his notebook, which had been three quarters burned — unfortunately, for it would have been a fascinating thing to read.

Who is there now can doubt that Professor Hartenstatter is dead at last?

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THEY DANCE AT COBLENZ

BY JEROME AND JEAN THARAUD

From *Le Figaro, January* 17
(PARIS LIBERAL DAILY)

COBLENZ, the American city. The last day of 1921. Just a threat of snow in the air. I distinguish with difficulty the other side of the Rhine and the Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, where yesterday I saw the Stars and Stripes floating in the sunlight. Long files of barges pass up and down the river, which is very low this year; for there has been no snow, they say, in Switzerland for a decade. The tidy little tugboats with their bright-colored pilot houses are a cheerful note in the gray scene below me. They look a trifle self-conscious, as if they were parading up and down to advertise German efficiency.

I watch all this from the window of a room in the palace where the Kaiser slept in 1916, the last time he visited Coblenz. Why did he choose this little chamber, so simply furnished with its brass bed and plain pine washstand? Ordinarily he had a different apartment. I fancy he took refuge here that night because he wanted to be alone, and because, like his friend, Abdul Hamid, he preferred not to sleep twice in the same place.

Snow has begun to fall. American automobiles pass below in single file, sounding their horns in the fog. American soldiers hasten their steps, nearly always with a woman by their side. It is not hard to understand the conquests of these well-dressed, husky lads; for the humblest of them, thanks to the premium on the dollar, receives a salary rivaling that of the President of the German Republic.

It is 10 P.M. There is an American ball at the officers' club. Naturally it is a costume ball; for our Yankee friends cannot imagine a festival without this kind of mummery. It is a mummery that strikes us Frenchmen as odd.

On Ash Wednesday, for example, they dined with blackened faces and black robes at a table covered with a black cloth. The waiters were dressed in shrouds; two skeletons presided at either end of the hall. A jazz band played throughout the meal, and at frequent intervals a guest would rise, lead some lady away from her course of meat or vegetables, and dance for a few minutes. He would then conduct her to her seat, and resume his dinner. But is that dining? Dining is a pleasure peculiar to old Europe. This youthful race wants first of all to amuse itself. My hosts soberly assured me that on that day the dead rise and mingle — invisibly — among the living; and that we ought to jolly up the poor fellows.

However, to-day, December 31, the decorations are of a more cheerful character. Christmas trees sparkling with tiny electric lights and mica frost replace the skeletons of the *fête des Morts*. Dancing has not yet begun. People are still dining. Every minute or so there is a little explosion, caused by tiny pasteboard bombs which the guests light on the sly, and which throw a cloud of confetti into the air, to fall like a shower into the champagne and the food. Parties of guests continue to arrive. Some are gorgeously dressed in exotic costumes, acquired when on

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service or traveling in distant parts of the world; others are clad in costumes suggestive of a Quat'z-Arts Ball; while still others are robed in finery borrowed from the Coblenz theatre. . . . But whether their costumes are sumptuous or comical, all the wearers are equally eager to amuse themselves.

And indeed they succeed. The jazz band crashes out its pseudo-music; couples spin and jiggle across the crowded floor, applauding whenever the music stops, or pausing just long enough to empty a glass of champagne. Suddenly, when the merriment is at its height, the room is in utter darkness. Even the tiny lights on the Christmas trees disappear, as if suddenly snuffed out by a gust of wind. In the darkness a pair of cymbals strikes resonantly twelve times. Trumpeters thereupon play a mournful air; it is the dirge regularly played at military funerals. They are rendering the last honors to the dying year. As the final note dies away, there suddenly flashes out from high above the dancing-floor, a long streamer of light, bearing the words: 'Happy New Year!' Then the trumpets sound again; but this time the reveille, the reveille of our French army. The lights flash on, every one greets his neighbor: 'Happy New Year!' There is a furious clapping of hands. The military trumpeters, following a bandmaster, — who continually tosses his baton, — make three ceremonial rounds of the hall, playing their fanfares. The maskers complete the procession, arm in arm, shouting joyously: 'Happy New Year!'

A philosopher is not in place, in scenes like this. However, in my sober smoking-jacket I cannot refrain from thinking: A Frenchman on the Rhine may have a heavy heart. But an American! For him that river is like any other stream. The history of this Rhineland, which spells for us security or peril, is but a vague, hazy notion in his mind. The Germans who surround him, he regards with neither hatred nor affection. He fought them a few weeks and the affair is over. Now his only object is to live as pleasantly as possible in this foreign station. It is the best military detail of America. Dollar is king; the region is not dry; everywhere there are clubs and sport fields for officers and men. All Germany puts herself out to be courteous. Meanwhile, the trifling incidents and scandals which invariably occur where there is an army of occupation, which when they happen in the French zone excite a paroxysm of Teutonic fury, are passed over without a murmur in the district occupied by our Allies. Happy Americans! You must be handled with gloves; for orders from Berlin are strict.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE CLOWN

BY SHIRLEY W. BAX

[*Westminster Gazette*]

Poor Jerry jumped through paper rings,
With pokers and with sausage-strings,
And tumbled down till he was sore —
You *should* have heard the people roar.
Alas! Poor Jerry, when he died,
Found Heaven strangely dull, and sighed
And fell to thinking of the time
When he was in the Pantomime.
Then — where the small child-angels flew,
He tried a somersault or two —
And felt his poor heart thrill, aglow,
Because the cherubs loved it so.
Eternity's too short by half
To hear the little angels laugh.

THRESHING AT NIGHT

BY KEMPER HAMMOND BROADUS

[*Canadian Forum*]

A red moon rising.
Across the stubble
Rings the tractor's note,
Steel-hard, steel-sharp, through the frosty air.

Closer, come closer,
Come, drugged like a fire-led moth, to the engine.

The smoky umber light of a single lantern
Glows on the polished belt.
The blown chaff rustles;
Hungrily
The open mouth gulps down the sheaves.
Gray racks dropping their loads into shadow;
Shadows within shadows,
Moving.
The high moon
Turns the down-pouring grain
To a stream of whispering gold.

BEYOND THE HILLS

BY HAROLD HERSEY

[*English Review*]

The mists that whirl in greater mists
Around the cliffs of space
Leave little drops of glistening water
Upon His wrinkled face.

Have you heard Him, as walking through
The valleys of the night,
He paces ever back and forth,
Silent, old, and white?

Upon some jagged piece of dust
As high as night is high,
He watches all the tiny worlds
Go spinning down the sky.

Around Him are the burning stars
That toss like little ships,
And winds blow out of dim unknowns
Across His very lips.

Have you heard Him amid the silence,
Vast as a silken cloud,
Lifting His arms with jeweled pendants,
Cloaked in a heavy shroud?

SECRET HEARTS

A Mongolian Folk Song

BY GRIFFYTH FAIRFAX

[*Colour*]

Man can never hope to guess
What his neighbor's heart conceals,
And himself could not confess
What he actually feels.

But if he could only see,
Once, a woman's heart laid bare,
He would surely turn and flee
From the revelations there!

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ANCIENT HEBREW MUSIC

M. Raoul Gunsbourg publishes in *Figaro* the first results of his investigations in the musical notation of the ancient Hebrews, together with a transcription into ordinary notes of a portion of the old music of the 'Song of Solomon.' His discovery is based upon a study of the manuscript known as the Bible of Kovno, a very ancient parchment torah, which during the war was carried off by the Germans to the Museum at Berlin, but which has since been restored under the provisions of the Versailles Treaty.

Mr. Gunsbourg's discovery began with a great disappointment. He went to Kovno as the guest of Rimsky-Korsakov, who had already made numerous transcripts by listening to the singing of the *Hazan* (ritual singer) in the synagogue of Kovno, to whom the Hebrew melodies appear to have been handed down wholly by vocal tradition. The first few bars of the 'Song of Songs,' which the Hazan began to sing at the request of his French visitor, were already perfectly familiar to him; for they were nothing else than the music of 'L'amour, c'est le mystère,' from Suppé's operetta, *Boccacio*. M. Gunsbourg stopped the singer in disgust and disappointment, supposing that the man had simply heard strains of Suppé's music somewhere and adapted them to religious purposes; but when he began to examine the Bible of Kovno for himself, he found to his surprise that above the Hebrew words there were curious marks, practically identical with the vowel-points that persist even in modern Hebrew — which, of course, is written with consonants only, the places of the vowels being marked with these 'points.' He observed also that the marks were too frequent to be genuine vowel-points; they evidently served some other purpose, but what that might be he had no suspicion until long after.

Last year, when engaged in mounting Rimsky-Korsakov's *Sadko*, he was suddenly struck with the fact that the music of the 'Hindu Chant' in that opera was also practically identical with that of Suppé's 'L'amour, c'est le mystère.' Rimsky-Korsakov was not likely to go to Suppé for musical ideas, but M. Gunsbourg well knew him to be a close student of the ritual chants of the modern synagogue. He also perceived that the resemblance was equally close to the strains from the 'Song of Songs' that the Hazan had sung to him in Kovno, long before. The similarities were most marked in the opening bars of the three pieces, for in each the development was quite different. Had Rimsky-Korsakov and Suppé both gone for their inspiration to the 'Song of Songs' as it is still sung in the synagogue? Then what treasures of melody there must be in the old music!

M. Gunsbourg went back to the Bible of Kovno and made from it a complete Hebrew copy of the 'Song of Songs,' together with the mysterious symbols above the words. Remembering that the ancient Greeks used the letters of the alphabet for their musical notation, he assumed that the ancient Hebrews might have done the same with vowel-points. His theory was strengthened by the fact that the points were sometimes large and sometimes small, and that marks resembling bars divided them at regular intervals. Irrefutable proof was found in the presence at the beginning of the lines of Hebrew text of the word *Dvouri*

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(words) and at the beginning of the mysterious lines of points, of the word *Chir* (chant). There was also what appeared to be a musical direction, *Chir erov mat* (Sing very sweetly.)

Possessed of this information, M. Gunsbourg had still to make out the exact system of the notation and its modern equivalents. He finally succeeded in determining the correspondence existing between written symbol and musical tone, and then in establishing the scale used in ancient Hebrew music.

In his *Figaro* article, M. Gunsbourg does not describe the methods by which he attained this result, nor does he make it clear whether the Hazan who sang from the manuscript Bible of Kovno himself understood the old notation or not. He does remark, however, that 'most authors' say that the ancient chants have been handed down orally, that Moussorgskii made this explanation to Chaikovskii and that Rimsky-Korsakov made the same explanation to him. Presumably, however, the Hazan was as much in the dark as anyone else as to what the marks meant, else M. Gunsbourg might easily have sought verbal explanation and spared himself infinite pains.

The Hebrew scale, as now reconstructed, consists of seven notes and three chromatic alterations. Only duple and triple times are recognized, the former being indicated by two lines and the latter by a triangle. The measures are marked with bars.

By a careful reading of the Talmud and the Old Testament, M. Gunsbourg reaches some interesting conclusions as to the musical development of Israel. He finds many different kinds of string instruments, wind instruments, and percussion instruments mentioned; and he concludes, both from the multiplicity of instruments and the frequent use of the harp, that harmony must have been pretty well understood. Passages in Aristotle, of course, leave no doubt as to the existence of an ancient Greek theory of harmony.

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JAPANESE ART IN LONDON

THE British Museum is following the excellent example set by the Louvre for the past six years, in beginning a series of displays of Japanese color prints. Each winter, just as in Paris, a group of prints from one particular period will be shown, and the exhibitions will continue year by year until the whole historical development has been displayed. The English exhibits are necessarily on a far smaller scale than the French, for in Paris there are great private collections on which to draw, far larger than those in England; but the Museum's own collection is fairly large and has been supplemented by loans from the collection of Sir Ernest Satow, long British Ambassador in Japan.

The exhibition is by no means strong in the 'Primitives,' for English collectors have never shown much enthusiasm for specimens of the art in its early days. Only half the present display is given over to this early work, and the rest is taken up by the prints of Harunobu, the earliest master, and Koriusai, who succeeded him. The last prints are of the year 1780. Next year's will go on into the work of Kiyonaga.

The prints have been arranged in order of date, a task which to the expert presents no great difficulties. This is an innovation, nothing of the sort having been attempted in the Paris exhibits which are the prototypes of the British; but the innovation more than justifies itself by the interest it adds to the pictures, enabling the visitor to follow the chang-

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ing fashions year by year — the manner of dressing the hair, the patterns of the robes, no less than the ideals of feminine beauty. So closely do the native artists conform to these standards that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between the work of different masters.

The Japanese color print as an art form is marvelously self-contained. It is quite complete and self-sufficing, a little plot set apart in the great field of Japanese pictorial art, with its many branches, its continental sources, and its traces of Chinese and Indian thought. The print has no long history. It springs up and decays in a single city, Tokyo, within 150 years; but in that comparatively short period and limited region it displays unequaled life and productiveness. Most astonishing of all, it is the work of artists belonging to the class of small shopkeepers, fishmongers, grocers, ferrymen. Nor were these exquisite humble workmen rare exceptions. In great numbers they sprang up from the ranks of the common people to make their lovely prints for the enjoyment of their humble fellows. It was the public of the shops and streets that demanded the fastidious workmanship, the originality of design, and the meticulous refinement that characterize the old prints. Such were the demands of the public in old Japan. 'What the public wanted' then, is what the connoisseur enjoys to-day, although by the ancient Japanese aristocrats these color prints were regarded as hopelessly vulgar.

At the time when the prints were made, the feudal system was in full strength. Classes were rigidly divided. Japan was by the will of her rulers completely cut off from intercourse with any other nations. As an English critic very rightly asks, 'Is there any other nation which within such limitations has produced its parallel? For these artists are no mere popular craftsmen, but designers, the best of them of supreme distinction; and the greatest artists were those most in favor.'

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POETS AND DRAMATISTS OF REVOLUTIONARY GERMANY

Herr Ludwig Rubiner has set out to fill a gap in German literature. He believes that German revolutionary movements lack literary expression, chiefly because the poets who originally sprang from the ranks of the proletariat have abandoned their class and gone over to the bourgeoisie. Hence his anthology, *Kameraden der Menschheit* (Comrades of Manhood), in which are collected the best revolutionary poems that he has been able to gather into a single volume; but it is at least an open question whether the prosperity consequent on the victories of 1866 and 1870 has not deadened the German revolutionary spirit, and whether Herr Rubiner's volume has done anything more than emphasize the paucity of the kind of verse he has sought for. Most of the poems that he prints are obvious products of the last war; there is very little of an earlier period.

Two vigorous dramas, however, have been published (it does not appear that they have been acted) on revolutionary themes. These are *Die Pest*, by Bernhard Bernson and *Die Götter-Prüfung* (The Trial of the Gods), by Kurt Eisner, sometime head of the revolutionary Bavarian Government. The action of *Die Pest* takes place during the great epidemic at Strassburg, but in thought and feeling it is thoroughly modern. The true pest of nations, argues the dramatist, is the hate for all engendered by the war, which can lead only to destruction.

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Die Götter-Prüfung unrolls its action at any time and in any scene. It takes place in an imaginary realm called Faroun, which is temporarily without a king, because the crown prince cannot pass the rigid examination required of aspirants to the throne. Some things the prince cannot understand: 'I have but one tongue, while all these people who must obey me have a thousand fists, stronger than my little tongue.' The Master of the Royal Brain lifts his arms in anguish with a cry of, 'He will never learn!' and then explains: 'Know then, O Prince, and believe. These thousands of individuals do not know their strength. The miracle of tameness assures your greatness.'

The prince at length learns by heart the answers to his examination, passes it triumphantly, and ascends the throne; but once seated on it, his nature changes and he thirsts for war. He becomes a tyrant. He tortures Guldar the Pacifist. Guldar escapes from prison, overthrows the tyrant, and the people wish to make him king. But Guldar refuses their offer in a bitter imprecation of rare eloquence, which is said to recall that in Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People*. 'I do not love you,' he says, 'and that is why I cannot reign over you.'

The political interest of the drama is obvious enough. It was begun when Herr Eisner was in prison in the spring of 1898, and it was finished in February and March 1918, while he was again in prison. The bitter denunciations in Guldar's great speech are held to represent Eisner's own sentiments, and may explain his conduct and his failure when in power.

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NAPOLEON, THE LEARNED MAN

NAPOLEON'S career as an academician is the subject of an excellent monograph by M. G. Lacour-Gayet of the Académie des Sciences morales et politiques. The book, entitled *Bonaparte, Membre de l'Institut*, is based on unpublished documents found by the author among the archives of the Académie des Sciences, out of which he has made a new chapter in Napoleon's history — in fact, a very new chapter, for comparatively little attention has been paid to his academic career.

The future Emperor became a member of the Section de Mécanique of the Institute, December 25, 1797. M. Lacour-Gayet follows — through the old records — his appearances in the Institute and his contributions to its séances during the period from 1797 to 1802, and also describes how, in 1815, as Emperor, Napoleon at last gave up his seat. Five articles in an appendix describe various special aspects of Napoleon's academic activity.

The interest and value of M. Lacour-Gayet's study are increased by the sixteen illustrations, most of which have never been published before. These include a reproduction of the manuscript classified list of the twelve candidates for the chair that Napoleon won, an entry in the *procès-verbaux* of the Institute recording Napoleon's election, a reproduction of a report to the Institute, with Napoleon as one of the signers, and other documents of equal importance.

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ANOTHER ENGLISHMAN IN NEW YORK

MR. J. P. BLAKE, of the London County Council, recently visited the United States, and on his return has followed a well-established precedent in publishing his impressions — a temptation that no Englishmen except Mr. John Galsworthy and Mr. J. C. Squire have ever resisted. In the course of an article in the *Westminster Gazette*, Mr. Blake meditates upon the

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high cost of the American breakfast (280 cents — the dollar is beyond Mr. Blake's ken), policemen, taxicabs, railway diners, and New York courtesy. Of the New York policeman he says: —

The policemen look formidable because they carry a staff about three times as long as the London police truncheon, and, what is more, they swing it in their hands, but without menace, and rather in the way of a physical exercise. They have not quite the fatherly manner of the London constable, but they are not really fearsome men.

The mild manners of the police force, however, are as nothing when compared to the suavity and courtesy of the gentle New Yorker: —

There is, in fact, a great deal of quiet civility in New York. In a lift men invariably remove their hats if a woman enters, and in museums and picture galleries all men bare their heads and carry their hats because they are indoors, and women may be assumed to be present. The manners of American gentlemen are charming; and our wives told us that they were just as courteous to their wives as to other women.

✻

A LITERARY MORAL

Mr. A. Hamilton Gibbs, writing from New York, communicates to the Literary Supplement of the London *Times* a few facts regarding Mr. John Russell's book, *Where the Pavement Ends*, which a few months ago was being enthusiastically reviewed in all the English newspapers and magazines. Mr. Russell was even hailed as a new Kipling. Mr. Gibbs recalls the misadventures of the first American edition of the same work: —

This book was published here under the title, *The Red Mark*. When it was reviewed at all it received but scant praise, and, in spite of vigorous advertising, sold an infinitesimal number of copies. Then it came out in England, and was immediately recognized, not only by the critic, but, as a logical sequence, by the British public, who bought edition after edition. Within ten days John Russell's agents were swamped by requests for the American rights, four of the publishers who asked for it having refused it when the book was submitted to them two years previously. At least six magazines asked for stories from John Russell, and four motion-picture companies and several other agents all got upon his trail. The result is that the publisher of *The Red Mark*, Alfred A. Knopf, has brought out a new edition under the English title. This edition is now receiving two-column reviews from every part of the States.

✻

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Vergleichende Geschichtstabellen (William II). Leipzig: K. F. Koehler, 1921. 44*m*.

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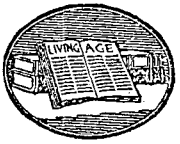

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